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Her Bungalow

An Atlantian
Memory.....



By **NANCY MCKAY GORDON,**

AUTHOR OF "LETTING GO," "HOLDING ON," ETC.

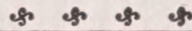
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DEDICATION.

To the sweetest Mother in all the world, I dedicate my little volume. Hoping, as the "snows of winter" crown her head, this song of the sun may cause eternal youth and fadeless roses, to blossom in her heart.



PREFACE.

There is nothing new to be written. Since the author of this little book, first took upon herself the writing down of the following pages it has been borne strongly upon her, that all the wisdom of the Ages, is concentrated and mobilized in the sayings of Jesus the Christ, in the Sermon on the Mount. All that may or can be said on the idealistic line of thought, must be garnered from it.

The writer does not claim to set forth any line of thought, neither Occultism, Mysticism, Christian Science, nor indeed the doctrines of any of the Metaphysical Schools. Nor claims for it any practical purpose.

It is simply a setting to words of some idealistic experiences of many years ago, which have lent their charm and influence toward making her own life practical and beneficial, in the many lines of life in which she is called to work.

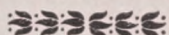
Its purpose is not mentioned, it being unknown to her. But it is graciously offered to the public, hoping it may speak to some aching heart; may chance to inspire a struggling soul to reach the Mountain top.

Its theme and motif, "Come up Higher" speaks for itself throughout the book.

NANCY MCKAY GORDON.

PROLOGUE.

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PROLOGUE.

Her Bungalow.

CHAPTER I.

A TRAVELER.

IT was the Yule time. Traveling Westward, and alone, a Woman gazes dreamily from the car window. Shapely in form, she is in the luxurious bloom of life, with the meridian sun shining directly over her head. The first glory-flush of the morning; the sunshine and shadow of the later forenoon are alike of the swiftly dimming past. But the golden future, wreathed with its never-ending supply of unfailing life, stretches on and on before her, into the realms of infinitude and eternity.

The hands on the dial of her life, had turned toward the setting sun. The King of Day hangs radiantly over the horizon; casting its shadows, without which, there

is neither perception of form, nor thought progression. Thus, we find her, facing the lambent flame of the sinking orb; its brilliant glare, falling, oft-times blindingly before her.

The Woman is leaving behind her all the allurements of a Southern Winter. The enchantment of its languor; its temptation to fold one's hands and dream; its soft breezes laden with the breath of violets; the musical cadences of its birds; its old time lullabies, each and all whisper its own secret, to her sensitive and impassioned soul. Out of the misty past, there also flares up a picture of a fascinating, dream-breeding wood fire, with all its suggestiveness of comfort and sufficiency. The sparks fly hither and yon. As she watches them, a Voice, as that of a beloved instructor, whispers from the World of Silence :

“Each spark contains the flame consciousness belonging to every soul, which evolves finally into manifestation. In it,

and under all, rests the eternal essence, the never-dying flame, which once lighted, bridges the Eternal Past to the Eternal Future.

“Oh, thou Life Existent! Oh, thou Soul of Fire!

“Thou art the only true Way, the Infinite God!

“Oh, thou Angel of Fire, manifest thyself in this soul! Let each spark represent to her an endless torch; a glittering star in her coronet, indicating the splendor, in the unfolding of Creative Thought! The Mighty Spirit of the Flame has no destructive essential within itself. But it holds all power, by Divine commission, to create the light that glorifies and uplifts everything that it shines upon. Thou, oh Soul, art not yet conscious of thy own subtle splendor! Arise! Mighty Ego of the Past, and shine by thine own Light!”

The Voice lost itself in the rumbling motion of the rapidly moving train.

The Woman is leaving a circle of warm

hearts. Each heart is a pearl in her necklace of life, a memorial of the ages. This priceless string of jewels, is the only link binding her to the home of her babyhood, her childhood, and her girlhood.

Unconsciously, during this period of life, she passed in and out of this circle of hearts, with power undreamed of, teaching them the art of living and of loving. All had leaned upon her and constantly looked toward her for help and strength, which was given as freely as the waters flow from the Fountain of Life.

But the farewells had been said. The "sweet sorrow of parting" was resting upon her. She had lingered a moment, just a moment, and upon the retina of memory was forever fixed the impress of a group gathering about her, as the roses cluster on their stalk, in all the oneness of being and harmony of expression.

The snapping of ties, sure to come to all, came to this woman in early maturity. She had then, sought the more energetic

North. Not for the purpose of satisfying the cravings of ambition, but because it offered a broader field of action for those with whom she had cast her lot. In her largeness of heart, and guileless inexperience, she had faced bravely, blindly and with unquestioning serenity, the hardships, cold and withering winds of the northwest.

A transplanted rose from her own balmy South! The rough winds of the wild prairie, soon kissed the bloom from her cheeks. The harsh climate, stole from her hair the silkiness and gloss, which are the birthright and inheritance of the woman of the Southland. But her physique, had lost none of its roundness, nor its vitality of youth. Her face retains the brilliant and radiant expression of its patrician contour. It could not be otherwise, for are not these last the mirroring of the brave, generous soul which inspired her, in all her movements and thoughts?

The wistful, pleading look of her eyes, sometimes in moments of restfulness,

betrayed the story of her life with its overcrowded and bewildering experience. The two cups of existence, Pleasure and Sorrow, held alternately to her lips, acting and re-acting, the one upon the other, had left ineffaceable impress upon her face. When one was filled to the brim, the other was drained to the dregs.

Her eyes had lost none of their wonted brightness. But had gained in soulfulness, as she began to awake from the long sleep of the immature. Her hitherto, sleeping soul was aroused from its inertness, by the vivifying power of Truth perceived. The awakening was upon her! Ah, who can ever forget the first realization of the blessedness of daybreak? There are dawns and dawns. To every child of earth, comes sometime, somewhere, a flash of beauty; the first glimpse of the Light that shines neither on land nor sea; the light that illumines the horrors of a darksome night! The dormant years of blind duty are unveiling; transfigured under the Light of

the Ages, which is fast brightening the horizon of a more perfect living.

Thus alive and quivering, with the touch of the Infinite upon her, she holds the power to meet, to face, to dare and to conquer.

But is she simply traveling Westward? Or is she in search of a Guide? Is the Guru, even now, coming towards her; he who is to her a shining star by night; by day, a companion ever near, and who holds aloft the cross of self-sacrifice, which to both teacher and pupil symbolizes the Love of the Ages?

After centuries of rest and preparation, the hour of blossoming has come. The soul strong in the consciousness of its own power, has stepped forward firmly, into the path whose gate swings ever inward and never outward; from its narrow limits, no traveler ever turns back. To enter upon this path, is to walk straight ahead, with the full knowledge and perception of steep, rocky and barren mountains to climb; of

green-verdured valleys to cross; and of dangerously, swift-flowing rivers to ford. With the pictured restfulness of the valley, in her soul; the surging of the deep river sounding in her ears; the top of the mountain in plain sight; she closes her eyes, leans her head against the cushioned seat, and letting go of all else, drifts on and on, whither, how, where and when? Whither? To meet the Waiting Soul. How? On the wings of desire made strong by aspiration for high purposes. Where? In the realms of All-Knowledge. When? In the everlasting and ever-present Now.

The train rattled monotonously forward to its goal. The day wore on. The Woman slept.

CHAPTER II.

AS she slept, she dreamed. Dreaming, she rose out of the state of self-consciousness, entering upon the first phase of her real, ideal soul life. There she beholds for herself, her nearness to Idealism.

Dreaming is an art, to be developed by training one's own powers of consciousness. Dreams are the gateways, by and through which we enter into the joys of Paradise; or into the horrors of an Inferno.

Imagination, is an attribute of the soul. Thus it becomes one of the powers of the mind, by which forms are developed in the thought realm, and their changeful existence expressed on the plane of materialization. As the Thought of the Omnipotent, coiled in the first germ cell, was the cause and beginning of the Universe, so man's imagining, or imagination, is the beginning of all that has ever been produced, or

brought to the knowledge of personal sense. Dreams are the result of mental action; being either productive or unproductive, as man wills. The moment man begins to dwell upon an idea shaped in the land of essential vapors, the potency of the thought commences to draw to the shape, solidity and incipient vitality. The germ cell moves toward the assertion of its own entity. The unfolding of Creative Thought has begun. But if that which comes to the dreamer, sleeping or waking, passes out of the dreamer's mind without attention, it moves on, once more to the formless condition. Thus, it is ready for the use of some other, more forceful dreamer's mental action.

Dreams are the product of imagination. The faculty of dreaming, rightly cultivated, will bring into realization anything that thought can touch, or mind can comprehend. Thus, if the seed of imagination is sown in good ground and cultivated under the direction of the Higher Will, our dreams, sleep-

ing or waking, will be realized in the reaping of whole fields of golden grain, with few, very few tares therein. These tares can and must be rooted out, according to the bond of the Ages. Kabalistically expressed, dreams are the perfecting and finishing of the physical vision, that is, the physical vision has then reached the utmost verge and scope of its power.

Here we find the waiting sentinel, who, if we have the password, unlocks the gates into the realms of Infinite perception. Here, also we perceive according to the limit of our evolvment. The Sentinel, to the Soul, is grizzled and gray from the weight of centuries; or he is bright and beauteous with the radiance of Perpetual Youth. This perception is but the reflection from the tressle-board of our own soul-building.

Our Dreamer sleeps heavily. She is throwing off, into the ether from whence it came, the surplus vitality with which the lower consciousness is surcharged.

Thus, unguarded and irresponsible, the Warder, yielding to the solicitation of the Dweller within, flings wide open the gates of the spiritual brain, and the Soul steals swiftly out. With an eagle's poise for flight, rising, rising, like unto a luminous ball the manifested loses itself, as if by fusion, in the bright glory of the Unmanifested.

From the apex of the upper triangle, the Higher Self of the Dreamer soars as on mighty wings, above and beyond the Sea of Mundanity. As the star of her being and existence, it hangs over the sleeping physical; as ages before, the Star of Bethlehem poised itself over the manger, where lay the Lord of the two worlds—the uncrowned King of Glory. As that Star has become to the world the symbol of Peace, Hope, Love and transmutation of the lowest into the highest, so to the Dreamer comes wonderful memories of the past, marvellous re-vealments and promises of the Future. Wherever falls the light of

this Star of Bethlehem, there, the old becomes new. The shadows of the Past merge into the brightness of the Future.

Impelled by a call, continuous and irresistible, the unfettered soul rises higher and higher. It seeks to penetrate with the aid of its guide and mentor, the mystery of the marvellous journey of the soul's quest for Freedom.

A little struggle; a little yielding to the call: "Come up Higher"! Then a pictured vision of many lives; a panorama of brilliant light and intense shade bursts upon the inner perception of the Sleeper.

In full consciousness, she has entered the Realm of Dreams. This is the manner of the Unveiling.



PART FIRST.

THE JOURNEY OF A SOUL.

CHAPTER I.

BEHIND the limitless Gates of Paradise, two angels stand, resignedly. They wait, rapt in the hush and quiet of a heavenly morn. The Gates are closed and barred. All that can disturb, jar or harass, rolls up against the outer surface of these ponderous barriers, only to be beaten back. Neither their forward rush, nor retreat leaves any terror of illusion, nor quivering tremor of fear to the restful poise within. Like unto waves dashing themselves into pieces against a rock-bound coast, all that is harmonious, is forever held by the still small Voice of God:

“Thus far and no farther!”

Man's thought cannot conceive of the

beauty, harmony, repose and strength, which lay in the boundaries of this Garden of Paradise. It is here, that the full cup of real pleasure is drained to the last, clear drop. Here is also found the restful enjoyment of peace, that knows no atom of bitterness.

Not a discordant element is even needed, to deepen the shadows. Discord is of the darkness, and there is no darkness in Paradise. Here is the home of the mellow light, by which the soul perceives itself. The innate radiance softens all angles of outline, and subdues into an exquisite expression of perfection every detail of an Immortal picture, upon which no mortal eye hath ever looked. Helpfulness, the tender compassion for one's fellows, is an ever present feeling, in this gathering throng of beings who never jostle one against the other.

On its spotless shore is found the hand that wipes away all tears; the love that cheers all sorrow-burdened hearts. The

far-reaching ray of the Invisible, mirrors itself on the visible. The most delicately outlined forms; the most exquisite blending of color; the sweetest fragrance; the music of Nature's orchestra, fill all space. No room for discord. In Paradise Love reigns supreme.

Through these scenes of perfect beauty, messengers are ever flitting whose earnest wish is to uplift and unbind, the yet earthly imprisoned souls. Their longing eyes look only to the supernal evolvment, attainment of which, can be reached but by one's own persistent effort, and the willing help of those who wait.

By long residence, the two lingering Souls are familiar with such scenes of rest and acquirement. The Great Angel, the Watcher at the Gate, has summoned these, one in two, and asks:

"Oh, thou dually manifested Soul! Art thou ready to take up, once more, the burden of earth life?"

As if with a single voice, comes answer from the Twain:

“In rest and in activity, we seek but to do the WILL of the Omnipotent God, who is Love. His will is our will. We but hear thy words, as His messenger, to obey the command!”

“Thou unity of Twain!” replies the Guardian of the Gate, “Thou hast spoken well. The lesson of the Past, has not been lost upon thee. Stand aside for a little space, and wait, in Divine Patience.”

Thus standing, the Dreamer catches the first glimpse of them.

For a thousand years, these two have been inseparable. For so long have they wandered together, amidst the hills and dales; the still waters and rippling brooks; the foliage and flowers of Paradise. They met as if by accident, in a simultaneous entrance at the Golden Gate of Rest when last they came home from Earth's bewildering Chaos. They had taken care that this fortunate opportunity should not be cast aside. Since then, they never lost sight of one another.

Cycle after cycle of life has been rounded out. These two starting out at the first as a dual entity, have sometimes met. But oftener the opaque veil assumed by the objective life, has masked them from each other. Now, with the certainty before them, of the ending of their years of ineffable peace, there also faces them the absolute surety of an indefinite separation. Waiting, they discuss possibilities, in the language of Paradise, so musically and inexpressibly sweet.

Both were old when Atlantis was young and the knowledge of the Gods is garnered within their souls.

One is of the finest fibre, and more restless poise. The other possessed of strong, inner perception, is masterful and persistent. It is not difficult to foretell, to which sex each will gravitate, so soon as the fiat shall be given, "Go thou Hence!"

"My Beloved!" it is the angel of the finer nature who speaks. The voice thrilled as a bird's song, in the quiet air, not loudly

nor shrilly, but with a far-reaching, soul-attractiveness: "Let us vow to one another, by the oath of the Ages, which cannot be broken, that we will seek through all the day of the life now coming, until we find that which we seek, or the life ends. Let LOVE'S name and power be invoked to our aid."

"Thy desire is my wish," replied the masterful voice of the other. "Wherever, or however situated, in the near coming incarnation, I will always seek, and never cease persistent searching, until once more we stand face to face, or the period of that life be spent. Let us thus begin our journey."

The stillness of the Everlasting Life, abiding only in the realms of Paradise, records the vibration of these two attuned voices. Together in perfect chord, they mingle as do the chiming of musical bells. They pledge each to the other, an oath that no living entity may violate, but must fulfill, somewhere in the aeons to come. As the

vibrations of these solemn words are diffused in and through the spaces of the Cosmos, the unbroken Silence once more assumes its sway. Then, to the Dreamer, their faces seem illumined by the ineffable light of the Divine Majesty, in witness of this, their plighted troth. The pledge thus exchanged is not idle breath, but a most potent vibration, the result of countless experiences and ages of acquirement, along the mystic life.

The Dreamer starts, and exclaims. For as if in a mirror came distinctly and with startling perceptibility the face of one of this Twain. Whose face was it? Was it not the beau-ideal, the face hung in the Holy of Holies of her heart? The dim, shadowy vision of one who belonged to her and her alone, has leaped at once into real existence.

Scarcely has this taken place, than the Dreamer hears the name of each called by the Keeper of the Gate. In Paradise to hear, is to obey. An instant more, and

they stand in mutual interclasp of embrace, before the sublime functionary. In august tones, he gives them this parting charge:

“Ye are pledged each to each, as it is your privilege to be pledged. Ye will not go out together, from the Great Gate. It has been so spoken. All the experience and power that persistent search can give, shall be yours. Go, and forget!”

As he made an end of his saying, the Golden Gate swung wide open. A vortex seized the larger and more masculine form. With the swiftness of an arrow shot from a Parthian bow, he was projected into the mists and darkness that hides Paradise from the sight of those dwelling upon earth. Another full moment elapses. Again the Gates swing to their fullest extent. The other soul, dainty and feminine, is swirled round and round obliquely, into space, as if she would follow and keep near her Beloved.

But, alas! The opaqueness of the gathering physical veil already hides from view

the companion of centuries. As the North Star attracts and holds the mariner's compass, forever and forever, so do the words of obligation still quiver and thrill in space. They will so continue to attract these Souls of a single purpose, until accomplishment is finished.

And thus, the status of both the Waiting and Wandering Soul is fixed, for a life to come.

CHAPTER II.

IN the interim of man's life, it always becomes a serious question; whether it be easier to search or to wait. None have passed through the experience of the law of manifestation, but understand what it is to forever wait, or to be forever searching.

It is also a known law that manifestation is ever clasping its bands of limitation tighter, forever intensifying its energy of repression; thereby causing a more dangerous explosion of the volcano, when it has reached the point, where the rock-bound exterior can no longer hold back the boiling, surging lava of the interior. Then it is, that the fiery heart within, bursts forth in deafening potency, burying all within reach of its over-lying debris.

On the other hand, it is as well known, that surplus energy is dissipated by the restlessness of search. The gradual loos-

ing of the bonds that bind, is harmless in its effect; while the sudden bursting is always conducive to disorder and confusion. It is the difference between the cyclone, and the idle clouds of a summer's day. For the balancing of forces, the law of conservation should be applied to both, repression and diffusion.

When too long extended, the searching becomes as tedious and wearisome as the waiting. Thus come to earth, both the wandering and the waiting souls. One is as inexorable as the other. One is always eagerly questioning and moving over all the surface of the earth. The other simply, stolidly affirms, moving only as the attracting force of the search demands.

So, it was not strange, that at the first, a wave of discouragement swept over the soul of the Wanderer. All trace of the beloved comrade of centuries in Paradise, has been suddenly cut off. Her harmonious, hopeful soul would have been utterly cast down, had there not come freshly and

strongly into her mind, the teachings of one of the Great Masters, in the emerald fields of her late, happy home.

His instructions had been: "There is no power but Love, strong enough to hold through all the complex problems of earth life. It is Love that meets us as we cross the threshold of the narrow gate. It is Love that looks into our eyes, as we close them in the last earthly sleep. It is Love that greets us, when the Gates of Paradise swing inward for our reception, after our long or brief pilgrimage in the mortal realm. Love is that which abides, and is as eternal as God. This is the Love that dies not. They who love truly, can easily and cheerfully put aside self for the Beloved. Whoever returns to earth searching for whom they seek, can only find and rejoin them, by entering into this realm of Omnipotence. Love is a guide which will never fail you. Love will restore the loved ones to each other should they ever be lost."

When the gates had closed, behind the

Wandering Soul, with the awesome stillness of loss and separation, these words of the Great Master appeared like flame, upon the photogravure of Memory, there to exist through Eternity.

Like a great flood, the love and desire for the Waiting One, enveloped and absorbed the soul of the Wanderer. Consciousness of the supernal reunion became an abiding hope, and anchor for the budding life work.

But oh, the agony of waiting! Drawn slowly out, by the counting of seconds, minutes and hours; laden with the weight of seeming centuries; burdened with a fullness of care and anxiety; and the uncertainty of conditions for the meeting promised and pledged.

How shall the Wanderer, searching and eagerly seeking, come face to face with the Waiting One, the dual Self? What veils of various hues and textures will fall between? What cords of twisted circumstances and mistakes can bind and ever-

lastingly restrain? Will they face each other as when separated? No, never, never! Both will bear the scars of battles fought, of defeat and of victory; both will have sailed the stormy seas. Sometimes, with sails furled and white, they will have tempted the rolling, tossing waves to test their powers of preparation and endurance. Again, with sails bedraggled and unfurled, the ship may strike a snag in the ocean of sub-consciousness. The in-rushing waters of Oblivion, will then, threaten to so overbalance the vital power, as to cause the closing of that life epoch.

But inspired with and by the courage of the great Pilot, who handles the helm, they will sail into the same port. Perchance battered, torn and unrecognizably changed, by the law of progression, which is forever effacing the old and setting up new landmarks. Separation follows the Universal law of dissolution of the physical. The uniting, is on the line of spirit potency and action, for creation. The difference is that

of a mountain stream, tumbling in noisy mirth toward the sea; and its confinement in a reservoir, for the centering of power and its use. Progression is constantly snapping ties of attachment; but makes little headway in again uniting the broken bonds.

Yet, even as the veil of illusion sheathes itself, fold upon fold, around the sentient souls, the assurance to the Divine Ego grows stronger and stronger in both, that after years of weary waiting, mistakes and cross purposes, somewhere, somehow, the Wandering and Waiting Souls will stand face to face with each other. Each will know its own. The duality will have moved toward unity.

The souls advance; Life begins. The scene shifts, the Dreamer stirs.

CHAPTER III.

BEHOLD the Circular City! The angelic Architect of which, was one of the Four Great Builders of Heaven and Earth, and all that therein is. Just outside its gates, a velvety sward, with ever-varying greens, harmoniously blended, stretches away into a vastness beyond the limit of finite vision. It is a clear cut, vivid setting for the unstained brilliancy of the White Tower; which springing into the bright, clear blue, beyond, is the crowning glory of the most marvellous city ever built.

Atlantis the Superb! Atlantis the Archetype of all that has been, and all that shall come! The gray sea surges in its ebb and flow, breaking, in long waves of moaning unrest on the white pebbly beach. The three mountain peaks, symbol of the untaught lessons of the Trinity of modern days, stands out in imminent nearness,

against the billowy clouds. Their fleecy outline softens the ruggedness, answering as a mantle of protection for that which lies beyond.

The sun shines brilliantly, from a blue and cloudless sky. The meteorology and temperature of the atmosphere is perfected by the universal holding of the vibratory thought of "One for all, and all for One." Amidst this glittering setting of blue, green and purple, a woman walks, with rythmic step and leisurely swiftness over the matted turf. To the common looker-on, she is as one who has dreamed her life away in unsubstantial and unfruitful revery. But to those who truly and tenderly scan the inner and deeper life, the lurking, evanescent lines become a memento of the struggle, from which is born serenity of purpose, as well as tranquility of expression.

With a soul, builded from its center of unsatisfied desires, and a heart as maleable as wax, in the hot tears of others, she now seeks rest. To her this rest consists in the

activity of finding the Guru, who will teach her to sing the song of Ages, set to music, whose strains have inspired a long line of martyrs, to step bravely upon the last scene enacted in the drama of life. It is to the sound of this note, that the Angel of Death shifts the scenic illusions of fading life with one hand, while the other lets fall the drop-curtain separating forever, a finished life from the incarnations still to come.

Listening for this music of the far off spheres, behold the Wanderer lingers in and loiters through the Elysian Fields leading to Arcadia.

She is searching for the personification and embodied soul of him, who stands for Love, Life and the All that speaks to and from the depths of a woman's heart.

Love, the Law, in its fulfilling, must hold for itself, both an inflowing and an outflowing current. The ebb and flow of the life blood, is symbolical of the give and take of love in activity. He who loves, lives in the highest realm of the ALL-

LIFE. He who loves, counts all things but loss, if he may but win and hold the true love and real affection of the one loved. The true lover, takes labor and toil by the hand, as benefactors and boon companions, leads them into verdant pastures giving fresh hope to the tired and over-taxed heart. Love tunes the Harp of Life to the perfect vibration of the At-One-ment. When played upon by the hands of Fate and Destiny, any discord made thereby, may be harmonized by the soft, lingering touch of Love, the Divine, the Perfect Harper!

Her light step becomes more elastic and bouyant. It can only be compared in stateliness and rythmic action, to the movement of the old time minuet. As she moves forward, her white and gold-colored draperies are swayed by the gentle wafting of the sea-breeze. They undulate about her lithe form, betraying the symmetry of the fair molding beneath.

At her feet lay the broad valley, suggestive of tranquil repose. As she advances,

her feet sink into the long, soft grass. Her whole being partakes of its green restfulness, stirring into activity the subtle linking of the Seen and the Unseen, the Past and the Present. When lo! As if thrown upon a sensitive plate, framed by the memory of the vow voiced at the Great Gates of Paradise; the velvety green serving as a back ground; behold! Hope, man's ever guiding, never failing Angel in the hour of despair, developes therefrom a finished picture. The soft, azure robes of the vision-angelic, graciously waft their vivifying aroma through the picturesque landscape. The fresh beauty of the heavenly Presence tempers the mid-day air. A halo of soft, brilliant light encircles a head, perfect in form, a face oval in contour. The eyes uplifted, are indescribably inspiring. Their light falls upon the Wanderer and from out the Silence, the Angel voice speaks:

“Oh, Child of Fire! Whither goest, and what seekest thou?”

Hearing the voice, she turns her queenly head and lifting her dark eyes, beholds a form strong and vigorous, yet feminine in expression. In words melodious with the fullness of unshed tears, with keen intensity of desire she responds:

“Oh, Thou, Star-eyed One! Whose radiance is transcendent, point thou out to me, the viewless path leading to my love; to me, a Wanderer, wandering over the broad plains of Earth. How can the abode of Peace be found by the soul, searching continuously through life, and is now weary and fain would reach the goal of its desire.”

Thus answered the Mighty Angel:

“Oh, thou Wandering Soul! Look for thyself, beyond *all* bounds of limitations, and receive what thou there seest, into thy innermost Self!”

After this manner, the Beautiful Glory made reply, placing, at the same moment, a hand upon the eyes of the Wanderer. Instead of its becoming a veil, the Wanderer sees:

Oh, Gladness of Sight! Oh, Splendor of Love! Oh, Crown of Life! A light that bursts in Divine effulgence from the six pointed star, becomes the central point of the crowning vision of all lives. The light clears and illumines, but neither dazzles or irritates.

To the Wanderer, the uplifting is as if the ropes of the balloon-like sense-consciousness had been cut, leaving the soul afloat in a boundless ocean of ether. Again, the voice of the Blessed Angel resounds through the etheric-charged air:

“Keep thine eyes fixed forever on the Star which hangs motionless over the Gate leading into Paradise. So did the Star of the Magians poise itself, over the manger cradle of the Perfect Man. Hold thy heart forever turned from the laughing and garish world. Let thy life become one of creative good, for the sorrows of those who must travel the same road as thyself. Let it also be as life-giving as the rays of the sun. Remember oh, faltering soul! Weary as thou art of uncertainty, thou


canst not cease to walk unhesitatingly. Be not dismayed that the way is a viewless one. Certain results with unerring finger guide thee on a path, which though winding, leads to arms awaiting thee at the end of thy quest. Here I must leave thee, farewell! It is my privilege only, to point thee to the guiding Star. Thou must walk the path alone, yet not alone. All thou needest will be given unto thee. As thy perception is awakened and thy demands quiver and thrill with potent force, so will they be put forth in the lower currents of the Universe. Go Hence! When the fierce waves of the river, thou must surely cross, face thee in sullen obstruction, call. Then shalt thou be guided, even as I have guided thee. Farewell! Fear not! When thou art in need, call. Farewell!"

The great sun-girt, azure robed Angel gliding backward, fades gradually from the range of finite vision. But in the vanishing, the out-stretched arms with beckoning motion and sweeping curves of beauty, plainly say: "Follow thou me."

CHAPTER IV.

THUS, on the outskirts of the adored Atlantis, this pilgrim soul started on her journey, toward the fulfilling of the never-to-be-forgotten vow made at the Gates of Paradise. She moves forward in the direction of the abode in which abides Love, Peace and Plenty. The home of the stranger, the Bungalow of Existence!

The words of the purple-crowned Goddess have left their impress upon the soul of the Wanderer. They refresh the thirsty soul, as the primeval night-dews refresh the parched desert. While the fragrance of violets still loiter in the atmosphere; as the sun lingers upon the subtle beauty of the roses and flowers, she raises her dazed sight upward. Her eyes glint with the luminousness of the vision, whose radiance trails after it, as does the effulgence from a mighty comet.



Behold! On beyond, away beyond, topping the crest of a broad, thatched-roofed Bungalow, such as is seen on the mountain side of the Himalayas, shone the Star. It scintillated in the sunlight, with all the rays of the solar spectrum, melting yet again and again into the soft glory of the white light, typical of the Infinite.

The world seems sweeter and more gentle, from the silent invitation of the heavenly messenger, whose beneficence encompasses the Universe, as a cloud of glory. Hope, the builder of fortunes—the architect of palaces, the walls of which are chiseled of ideal stuff—the substance from which worlds are made, allures her children on to the home of the *ignis fatuus*. Some of the illusions prove only short-lived, while others live on and on, to become as aged as the Goddess who enticed them thither.

To her who seeks, the experience has been a setting to harmony of coming success; a fulfillment of a haunting desire, which ever and anon filled her soul with entrancing ecstasy.

Gathering her scattered consciousness, with breathless eagerness, she hastened forward through the flowery dale, with renewed courage and a centralized power she had never before known. She is no longer chasing phantasies; she is now reaching out, for something more tangible. With the starry abode in sight, the darkness of life's disappointments vanish.

Serenely meditating, for a moment she loses herself in the flowery spell of color and fragrance essential, that occasionally permeates the reverential and expanding soul. She stoops to pluck one of the golden-eyed blossoms, growing knee-deep all about her. As she lifts her supple figure from the stooping posture, lo—she discovers she has moved forward with lightning-light rapidity. Or has she been suddenly transported to an unthought of realm grayness? The vibrating symphony is not the same; the symphony of sound has changed; from the silent chimes of the violet and the sleepy lullabies of the poppy, to

the dull roar of many waters. The heavy fall and swash of sea waves, alternate with the cool, delicious and laughing tones of a pebbly-bottomed brooklet. The brilliant-hued coloring, its luminous harmony, the infinite gradations of blue in the sky, has been suddenly veiled by a gray, transparent mist, which rising hides from view the Star-capped Bungalow. But a moment ago, it seemed so near and its walls, like those chiseled by the hand of Hope, had promised so much toward a well-earned rest. The strange awesomeness of the change chilled her heart. But with swift decision she moves forward, as through the dimly shaded light of Immortal Faith, when lo, she sees, coursing swiftly on before her, a stream of water, seemingly as boundless and shoreless as the river of life.

One step forward, the water dashes against her feet, the spray dampens the blue under tunic of the white and gold robe, in which she is garmented.

Lost to every other thought, but the

one of how the waters shall be crossed; nothing in sight but the fast flowing river, and the far-off mountain which she longs to reach; is it a wonder that she questions for the moment, the possibility of turning and wending her way back over the road she has just traversed? As a wall of density, the black waters roll up higher and higher, seeming to separate her forever from the Star-crowned home of Love and Hope.

Who has not experienced the same lesson? Who has not stood as she stands, face to face with a river too deep for mortal man to ford? Who has not been pinioned between the walls of a Fate that forces one on, irrevocably on, to Destiny? Despair not thou, who art now between the walls! The yearning of thy *human* heart for something higher; the cry for the awakening out of its sleeping condition of all humanity in whose great army you are enlisted; from whose battles there is no retreat, are all focused in the one command: "Forward,

march!" Those who will not go forward, cannot go back; but slide out between the dark passages. They are lost to all recompense for the Past; all accomplishment of the Present; all recognition of the Beyond.

This Wanderer is not made of the stuff, of which cowards are fashioned. She but needs the light of dawning consciousness, to arouse the memory of the charge given her by her recent guide: "Ask for guidance and it shall be given thee." The prompt recognition of this memory, and her silent earnest attitude, put forth in a land so pregnant with sensitive vibrations, is sufficient to draw aside the nebulous curtain of invisibility, Lo! Midway over the shadowy deep, a figure, glorified as the Archangel Gabriel, poised itself, with outspread wings. Eagerly waiting to infold upon its enduring breast, the lingering Wanderer now hesitating on the brink of the depthless waters. In a voice as if trumpeted by the tumbling waves, the Supreme Angel of the Eternities, speaks:

“Oh, thou Pilgrim Soul! Why delayest thou thy journey? Knowest thou not the danger of hesitation, or of looking back upon that which thou hast left behind? What wouldst thou have, whither goest?”

Shaken with the intensity of suppressed desire, in tremulous accents the sweet tones of the Wanderer make answer:

“Oh, thou messenger from the Gods, watching eternally over our destiny! The guardian of the Gates of Wisdom! I beseech thee unchain for my soul, the entrance of that which I seek—the land of Freedom and of Love. Oh, thou Spirit of Light and Wisdom! Lift me into full perception, that I may fulfill the obligation vowed at the Gates of Paradise.”

Again, the sonorous voice of the Lord of the Thrice-Born resounds in splendor and truth between the boundless space of heaven and earth:

“Daughter of the Great Temple! Look up!”

Still holding in her mind the one

thought, how to cross the unspanned current; the Wanderer lifts her misty eyes. Behold again! Beneath the outstretched wings of the hovering Spirit, the fingers of the magic-scene shifters, have for a space rolled away the curtain of the Unknown. Suspended over the swirling mass, she beholds the central span of a bridge, feathery and phantom-like. It is at once as fragile and gigantic as the bridge of Life. Woven of golden threads and so light in workmanship, it wears the look of a web of lace hanging from the Celestial Dome. Infinitesimally small, yet innately strong; so intricately interlaced were the slender filaments, that only a breath from the Infinite can snap them asunder. Like Atlas of old, it upholds the earth. A little shuddering thrill of awe, swept the pulses of the lone gazer. What is this she sees? Has this structure been thrown out by invisible hands while she waited? Questioningly, she rests in the Silence; anxiously, listens for the sound of the summoning voice of the potent messenger.

The Infinite Spirit, catching the unvoiced thought and question, from afar off, makes answer:

“Oh, thou Vestal, over all other Vestals! Oh, thou trusted one of the Mighty Three! Knowest thou not, that according to thy perception, shalt thou see the bridge which shall carry thee over to the Land of Freedom and Love? In proportion to thy faith and obedience shall the bridge be builded from the lower world to this center. Lift but thine eyes to the far off Star, come under the sheltering shadow of my wings. Step but one step forward and prove for thyself the truth of Wisdom's words. Faith will build the bridge under thy feet and guide thee across the troublous waters.

“Listen not, to the craven voices of those who would tempt thee. Tarry not, but hasten ere the waters close over the bridge that awaits thy first touch, to make it securely thine forever. Remember, “*it is the ground that we do not tread upon which supports us!*””

CHAPTER V.

SHE gathered her draperies in her shapely hands, as if fearful of further contact with the watery deep. Looking to the mountain top, she sees the great star shining brightly. Its central fire radiates to the circumference and there touches the periphery of all its existence. Again returning to the center, it holds ensouled within its vibrations, other souls to be illuminated and become self-radiating from the same great Fire. The fire of all the Gods is kindled from and concentrated in one Great God! The flame from which all fires are lighted, touches her face caressingly and reaches the deeps of her inner self. It gives alertness to her step and kindles a new-born graciousness in her heart. With the lightness of a bird; the swiftness of an antelope; and the grace of a swan, her lifted garments still gathered about her, she steps forward upon the

now firmly built hither end of the bridge. For a single fraction of a second, she trembles with fear and astonishment. Only a moment ago, she saw but the center of the "Golden Bridge" as a fine network of golden threads. Now, she has taken but one step forward and her feet rest upon solid masonry, builded not by hands, but by obedience to the command "Go forward." It is given to the Lord of the Self by the Spirit of Wisdom, who when called, cometh shod with the wings of fire.

The slight form sways, when for an atom of time hesitation betrays potency; and she had almost lost herself from out the Self. For a moment only, she stops to gaze below into the ofttime bellowing depths of the chasm, whose black waters roll on and on, forever. Souls more brave than hers, have fallen headlong into the eddying currents and been lost in the whirlpool, rather than rally their courage and faith, to take the necessary step forward.

The Higher Self listens eagerly to the

voice of the Spirit whispering to her of things to come. When taking step after step, she finds she has truly builded her own bridge. Although each step has been taken in darkness and into the chaos of nothingness, yet now, at last, she stands under the seraphic overshadowing of the wings of the Great Vision.

The glory of the great light, the bewildering brightness of St. John's sight poured down upon her. It held in complete solution every atom of her material being. Her whole body becomes transmuted and transfigured, under the vigor of the immortal fire. Her raiment reflects the never-dying light, whiter than any Fuller can make it. The external change is attended by no less wondrous transition of the inner. The ego rising beyond all limitations, in the twinkling of an eye, becomes the at-one-ment of the individual I AM with the Universal I AM. She walks on thrones. For all time to come the power of unlimited accomplishment is hers. Whatever she may desire,

lays before her as a possibility. Omnipotence crowns perfect ideality. The goal of perfect transmutation is hers.

Slowly, yet more slowly, the hovering wings weighted with the wisdom of the eternities, withdraw gradually from her sight. Finally, when afar off, they poise again in the distant ether. Echoed words as if from Celestial heights sink to the center of the transfigured soul:

“Oh, Child of the sacred Fire! You decided well when you chose the six pointed star for your guiding symbol. Within it, you find the “Logos” which is the creative principle, containing all that is or ever will be. It is Life and Death! It is the Bride and Bridegroom! The physical and spiritual essence! The perfect marriage! The marriage whose nuptials are celebrating continually in the natural world, with Nature’s law acting as ceremonial Priest! Within yon star, ebbs and flows all life of the Universe! From the center, the dual soul was projected into space; divided, each

to grow and develop until thou shalt become one again."

Thus speaking, floating in a wave-like vibration, more rapidly than before, the Great God sends a sigh-thrilled adieu to the now uplifted soul of the Wanderer. She can not part thus readily from a messenger so helpful. Forgetting for the instant, that on the great sea of life separation is impossible; that the perils of parting are human; the snapping of ties the result of mortal limitations, a wave of agony rolled over her. Lifting the clear treble note of her voice, it rang out across the limitless space:

"Oh, leave me not, thou Immortal God! Take, absorb me in the glory of thy undying attributes!"

For a brief time she also forgot her quest for Freedom and her vow to the Waiting one. From afar off Land, came wafting back a whispering voice:

"Thou wilt no longer need me as an incentive to go forward. Thine own desire

will bear thee on to the other side of the waters. 'Thou needst have no fear.'

The Angel is shut from view, by the effulgent light that burst from the soul of the star. Buoyed by the divinity of her experience; blind to the rush of the dark waters beneath, she is on the boundary of two worlds. Both hers, both necessary to be entered into for experience and the intense longing of the human heart to know. The World of Freedom which she seeks; the World of Nature with its chrysalis limitations! From this apex, she can see beyond the range of sight; can hear beyond the range of sound, into the humanness of the Divine. To be truly human, one must have touched Divinity. To be Divine, one must know all possible human weakness.

Thus, the varied pictures which she herself has drawn upon the walls of space, startle her as she gazes upon the kaleides-copic views hanging thereon. Then, glancing at the beauty of coloring, the perfect drawing of the ideal world, without hesita-

tion she flings herself forward, into what seemed a limitless beyond, to find once more a solid resting place for her slender foot. Reassured, the will of her own desire carries her on and on, building and yet building a foundation more solid than brick or mortar can fashion. Her thoughts each moment, beget new material for the finishing of the Master Work; the completion of the Bridge that carries from the Lower to the Higher consciousness. It is the building of the Bridge, called by the ancients, *Antaskarana*. To this work the High-priest of all religions is dedicated, and holds the office of *Pontifex Maximus*, or chief bridge-builder.

As a cloud envelopes the mountain top, so did recurring memory baptize the Wanderer with the recollection, that from the Ages of the Past, she has been her own High-priest and Pontifex!

CHAPTER VI.

THE Wanderer steps from the bridge. Looking backward, she sees only a shoreless sea; forever in ceaseless unrest; forever freighted with the debris of wasted energy, bearing on its tide atoms too weighty for the airy-like structure to hold. The golden wired bridge is no longer in view. It has vanished as completely and suddenly, as if swept away by a whirlpool of contending forces. It has disappeared as quickly as its need had made it apparent.

Once safe across the chasm, its darkening depths no longer have power to appall her. Now that the danger is past, she wonders there should have been a shuddering hesitation, when looking upon its bridgeless dimensions. The gloom of the waters is no longer lighted by the glint of the golden wires.

The sunshine throws its long yellow

rifts across her pathway. Before her, looms the mountains, topped by rose and lilac clouds; the verdure of its plateau, makes an emerald setting for the greyish-brown nest that bears the Star for its crown of glory. The Star with its undeviating lines; its undying life essence; its central point as forceful as is the steady flame in its consumation; the mountain height, all, all tempt her onward toward her heavenward journey.

After leaving ripe and flowery fields, having crossed roaring waters; when at last we find ourselves, at the foot of a mountain, musing in solemn ecstasy of accomplishment, it is then, we are in the right environment to send up heart-beatings and compassionate entreaties to the altar of Humanity, which rests on the Mountain of Desire. There, at the foot of the mountain, the longing cry to find the Self, echoes back from its rugged sides. There, standing face to face with the Self for the moment, we have sounded the depths of the human

heart and found the opening of the road leading to the Land of Freedom.

The narrow trail, the round boulders so slippery in their roundness; pointed crags and all the dangers of mountain climbing are enshrouded in the stupendous grandeur of its own silent solitude. The crevices are filled with the tremulous, echoing wail of souls that have passed up the mountain in search of the Self, only to fall back palsied, when the latch of the Golden Gate is just within reach. This most marvellous Gate when opened, discloses the fullness of the Arcane, both of human and Immortal life. Thus is added another item, to the long and ever increasing list of "missed opportunities."

The Grottoes echo harmonious sounds of joy and the unloosed suppression of self-holding, of those who have journeyed before. The mountain nymphs dance the sacred dance and shout the glad hosannas: "He is not dead! He is arisen" when at last two souls meet, each recognizing the other.

There, kneeling as one, they face the throne of God, which in this moment of heart-bounding ecstasy seem so nearly in their possession.

To the Wanderer, looking up from the foot of the mountain, the climbing seems inspiring; the ascending, fascinating. Aspiring to reach the great plateau and the Bungalow resting thereon, the wings of Inspiration overshadow her with their manifold enticements. So enfolded, it is easy mounting the first winding steps, leading the soul to its royalty and to its God. The Wanderer has learned by former lessons, that the journey must be made by the self, for the self. She has blazed her own path through the wilderness. The way has been made with fewer wounds by following the finger of Hope, pointing to the fiery star. By listening to the voice of the wise Hermes, she has builded as no mortal hand can build.

As reward of obedience, she is able to commune with the Angels, and can hear

her heart's desire calling, calling, calling from the mountain-top. She goes climbing on and on, chanting silently the unpronounceable ode that makes music for the singing of many others. Love sings it as the soul mounts higher and higher, into the knowledge of what true Love is, in all its bearings toward the three planes of life. The human love exists to trine the spiritual and soul Love. Her chant is not the vibration of a single phase of existence; a treble note to be drowned by the deeper wave of the bass. It is the chant of the Three-fold God, as old as the Ages and as pure as the awakening of a new-born soul. It is the Love that has purity for its essence. The essence of purity is an unmixed quality, scintillating from the gem after the cutting, grinding and polishing has taken off all the roughnesses gathered into its vortex by involvment and evolvment.

Like the tender wail of a minor chord, piercing and far-reaching, through all,

there comes down from the mountain height, that call, the echo from Paradise, which speaking to her alone, no other can hear. Should it be heard, no other soul could understand. The refrain of this message ringing down from the mountain side, is the music, that through all the life, has been her aspiration, her inspiration. Again and again her whole being thrills to the words:

“Come up Higher! Come up Higher!”

Transcendently, irresistably drawn! She continues her ascent. The way grows more precipitous, the rocks rougher, the steps from steep to steep become higher and more difficult to take. But to the wonderfully upborne ego, there is nothing that can bring any sensation of holding back, or retardment. The call of the Ages, heard after this manner, gives wings to both heart and feet. The story of the Ancient Hermes, is once more expressed; spirit desire is intensified by the vital fire of the physical force. *The crucible is in the furnace.* The process of transmutation of

all else, into fine gold is in operation. What shall the accomplishment be?

The overwhelming assurance of achievement draws ever nearer and nearer. Occasionally, she stops to breathe. Looking ever forward and never backward, her eye can see but the Star which overhangs the low-browed building. The Past of her journey, the already completed, is left to care for itself, the dead Past must bury its own dead. To her, journeying mountainward, nothing is left behind, save Time and Nature. Her gaze is ever fixed on that which is before. Her brilliant eyes, shining like stars in their clear light, ever and anon pierce the rifts in the great clouds. There, her quickened sight beholds a dim outline—a vision of the goal toward which she moves, the attracting magnet of present effort.

At last, as this scene of glory breaks upon her enraptured vision, she seats herself on a rocky promontory and pantingly, draws a long sigh of restfulness. The sunlight breaks fully through the mountain

mists; the broad vista of the plateau; the envelope of pinkish clouds at this moment, hide the darkness of the valley below. In the upper sunlight, above the influence of the lower grossness, where the light of the Eternal Existence ever bathes it, nestles this home of the Wandering Soul, the Bungalow of Plenty; of Rest; of Love. In the midst of a heaven clearly visible to introspective sense, the realized hope of lives, the Word of the Ages, the Harmony of Existence is plainly before her. Completeness of attainment is close at hand. The unjoined thread of the Past sways and bends from the attracting force of future proximity.

The Royal Ego, poising on the verge of its mundane possessions, for the nonce, would spread its wings for an unending flight. But remembering its mission of attendance upon its Comrade—the Lower Self—to the audience chamber of the King, it resumes its attitude as Warder, and waits a little space.

CHAPTER VII.

DARKNESS and chaos below. The light of the everlasting above. It is a brave, intrepid soul that has the courage to keep the eye fixed on the glitter of the Eternal Star, for it is oft-times blinding.

At this altitude only quick and rapid breathing is sensed, by the Wanderer. She rests her head upon her hand, the other presses against her heart as if to hold and keep it from bursting, with its own great joy. She is filled with gratitude to the powers, for having lifted her to a point where can be seen the outflashings of the bright Beyond, without becoming sightless, or the light fading.

Her breathing gradually becomes more rhythmic and less intense. Again, through the radiant ether sounds the voice, as sweet and soft, as though vibrating through the strings of an Æolian Harp.

The Waiting Soul, endowed with the patience of long deferment, calling with liquid cadence, has at last, touched and stirred, the memory of Paradise. Recurring memory becomes an actuality. Under its impulse, the Wanderer rises, in an attitude of earnest attention and faces the Bungalow. Oh, joy close upon her! One hand shades her eyes from the light, that grows ever brighter and clearer in its rosi-ness. The other is still pressed to her throbbing heart, that she may compel its silence, while listening to the chanting words of the refrain:

“Come higher thou Pilgrim! Come hither, that thou mayest see the inner wisdom of thine own heart. I have waited long for thee, for thee!”

The transcendent symphony dies away, as sweetly as does the cadent wail of one soul sinking into the depths of its other self. Again and again, it rises on the minor chords of entreaty, sent forth over the silver thread of the Existent. The

thread that holds forever; constantly attracting the Wanderer to its Waiting mate.

A few more steps in hurried movement forward! At last! She stands before the entrance of the Bungalow. Its low roof, slanting toward her; its suggestive largeness, home-like and restful, tempt her to further investigation. The walls, weather-beaten by the storms of the Ages, have no window. It is not lighted from without, but from within. A broad, low portico stretches across the whole front; hinting at welcome and rest, to all wayfarers who may pass that way. It also presents a silent, hidden barrier to those bringing no answering message for the challenge:

“What of the Day?” Formulated always, by the impassable and invisible sentinel.

Whoever has, tells. Who has not, passes on.

All this surges into her inner-knowledge, as her eye falls for the first time upon the doorway and its cloture.

A curtain hangs there in heavy folds, hiding the mystery of the Sphinx. The Wanderer steps upon the porch, separating her from the barred doorway. She essays ruthlessly, to enter the secret place of the Most High, but a restraining hand rests upon her shoulder. A voice she dares not refuse to obey bids her pause, look and learn.

The fabric of the veil wavers and trembles, as if disturbed by the inflowing and outflowing of the *Waters of Life*. The hues gathered from many setting suns, the blue, the purple, the crimson and the whiteness of fine linen, shimmer and flash out in all the brilliancy of coloring with which the Ancient Wisdom defied the ravages of Time. Vividly flitting about and in the midst of these heavenly colors, the Wanderer perceives the Winged Globe of the Egyptian, the Cherubim of the Hebrew; the angelic guardians of the inner sanctuary of all ages, and all religions. She knows, as all initiates know, that she stands

before the Veil of Isis. From her inner sense is also cognized, as if written in letters of fire:

“Thou art now bidden and must make the supreme effort of thy many lives. Exert all thy power, trust thyself to the benignant forces that are thy friends.”

She stops, half startled at the immensity thus presented to her view. Out of the Silence an inverted picturing recalls a time when she in the ages, of the now forgotten in earth, stood before this barrier at the completion of her journey, from the East to the West; and again from the West to the East. Each time there had been revealed to her knowledge—wonderful unfolding. Now, what? Would her courage, her wisdom, her renewed physical life be sufficient to carry her through? In answer came the whispered accents of the Higher Self, clearly and distinctly uttered:

“I know in whom I have trusted. I know that I shall pass the ordeal victoriously.”

She knew also, that no human being could lift for another the heavy, trembling Veil which hangs like a dark mantle of Death before the soul that is ignorant of the hour of its lifting. No matter how far along the road we may have traveled, with those whom we love and who love us, the hypostatic union may prevail until the Veil is reached, then always interposes the dread decree: "Thus far, and no farther!" Here polarization ceases. Here they separate, each entering alone into the Holy Place. It at once becomes a center of activities, from which flow diverging lines out, toward the boundless circumference of necessity.

When once the Veil is lifted, the victor becomes one with the Beloved, also one of the Select, who passing on into the completeness of attainment, can also declare the sacred Mysteries. The Golden Gate of the Hathor leading into the Kingdom of Heaven swings behind him.

The minor notes of the chant, with its weird vibration, now dies hushedly away. The hand lifts from her shoulder. The Wanderer waits before the veil, disrobed of all save the human heart, and its experience.

CHAPTER VIII.

THUS she stands waiting, longingly. It is not a long tarrying, until through the thickly hung doorway, a gravely intoned discourse impresses itself upon her mentality. This was the fashion of it:

“It is only by garnered wisdom and perception, from the point of accumulation and waiting, that the soul, inspired by the Divine energy of action, knows when the moment has come, in which the Veil of Isis can be triumphantly lifted.

“No two souls lift its mighty folds in a similar manner. Each must stretch forth its own hand, made strong and able by its own purified endeavor, washed clean in the blood of their own experience. For final accomplishment it must be seized hold of at a moment when all the atoms pulsate in unison, vibrating in at-one-ment with the heart of Humanity.

“Not until the soul has awakened to the full extent of its possibilities; not until it is able to master the lesson when squarely facing it, has the time come when the Veil, made heavy by its own gorgeousness of gold and silver embroideries, can be lifted. Then, while the wings of the dolphins whir in their silent activity, Woman waiting before the door of her own soul, may lift the beautiful curtain ushering her into Life. This will unfold to her the mysteries of the human heart—the mysteries of the perfected union of positive and negative forces. Undismayed, guarding the Temple of God, the mantle of Oblivion shall fall from her, and Woman will stand revealed as the crowning glory of Creation and Mankind.”

The inborne voice dies away; but the uplifting thought rests upon the Beautiful One.

Again statue-like, with down-cast eyes and hands hanging listlessly before her, she stands self-indrawn, a Wanderer no longer! The white and blue draperies of

her robe, blend her, almost as one with the misty throng of angels, gathering around the Bungalow; now poising in mid air, above the mystic Star; now hovering nearer and nearer to her who at this moment represents Obedience. She is enveloped in a light of such dazzling transparency, that even the angels only, commune afar off.

To the inner self of the Wanderer comes once again the voice of her Mentor; low, magical and penetrating. A moment's pause; at the sound of the ethereal and mysterious signal, she raises her head and listens as the voice continues:

"It is by obedience only that the human heart manifests itself to the messengers of God. Even the angels of the spheres are unable to touch the hem of the garment, of her who has walked through the fiery path—fire before and a canopy of burning pines overhead. Is it not declared, that "joy shall be in heaven, over one sinner that repenteth, more than over many who need no repentance." The angels can only help

us paint the canvas of our imagination with the coloring of our own thoughts.

The Voice ceased. The veil swayed and swept in waves, as if the invincible Spirit of the Air stirred it from top to bottom. A mighty murmur, the united utterance of an infinite multitude, hidden by the Great Veil, speaks:

“Be faithful and courageous, the time has come.”

As if touched by the fire of her own soul; as suddenly as a flame leaps from a lighted torch, her fingers grasp the shining fabric. With one strong effort, the Veil is rent in twain.

When lo! The mountain trembled; the wind swept in cyclonic eddies at her feet, swishing her diaphanous robes about her. The rolling rush of the river, filled with the debris of wasted energy dashes its white-lipped waves tumultuously against the rocky base of the mountain, making the air vibrant with its uproarious utterances. The Bungalow shook, as if under

the hand of an awful Divinity. From the white light of the Star rainbow tints, scintillate with yet more brilliant fierceness. The angels fold their wings, the angelic choir bursts forth in loud acclaim. The seven Great Amens echo from plateau to plateau, as the triumphant Hosanna of the victorious soul melts into the Voice of the heavenly host, that crowd the gates and walls of Paradise. As each note is hosannaed out over the mountain, the colors radiating from the Star change, in spontaneous unison with each musical vibration. The duskiness which is the forerunner of the brooding of the Holy Spirit, shadows the whole. The Tabernacle of the Most High is in the Darkness of the Silence.

Amidst this symphony of sound, color and motion, the Wanderer waits still and motionless. Her trained soul, accustomed to the ebullitions of the material, asks herself the question:

“Has the moment of revelation come?”

With raised eyes and clear vision, through the parted Veil, as though a sud-

den revelation, she beholds in the interior of the Bungalow, a form as if her mirrored self. Before an altar of Alabaster, awaits a soul, robed in the festival garments of a High Priest. Surmounting the Altar rests the Lotus Blossom, wherein flashes and flames the never-dying fire; now leaping heavenward, now sinking into incandescence, as it is touched by the fitful thought of the over-anxious world. In the right hand of the priest is held a reed, symbol of Omnipotence; in his left, he bears aloft the bowl of burning incense, symbol of Love, devotion and unity. The one Creative, the other Redemptive. From this Golden Bowl, the rising fragrance must be inhaled by both, the Wandering and the Waiting ones, ere for them, the cycles of separation end.

A single second! The soul of the Interior reaches out to the Wanderer. The silent holiness; the cathedral air; the low hum of the sweet chant enfolds her in their mystic Aura. She looks more piercingly

into the darkened room, with its shining center—focus of mellow light emanating from the Holy of Holies. The low, soul-stirring music of the chant formulates the words:

“Enter thou, long lost Wanderer, called and chosen, enter thou, into my habitation.”

With bowed head, she steps across the threshold into the Interior. The rended veil at once falls behind her, in its perfected oneness. So to be parted, again and again, by the chosen ones who shall come after.

Upon her entrance therein, the darkness clears away. Once more in tones of entrancing melody come words, not to be put lightly aside:

“Lift thine eyes, Oh, thou child of the sun! That I may see their light!”

She obeyed. Then the High Priest questions: “Art thou instructed?” With the song-like voice of the heavens she answers: “I am instructed.” Turning his fine eyes toward her, eyes far-reaching, dark and tender, touched with the glory of

many suns as he looked into her own shining orbs, he said:

“Tell me what thou seest, Oh, Daughter of Apollo!”

CHAPTER IX.

SHE lifts her eyes. Over her floats hazily the mantle of Inspiration. Distinctly, without hesitation, she describes that which flashes before her, as seen through the fragile curtain of vision.

“I see *thee* standing before an altar of Alabaster, in a Four Square habitation. The transparent altar is surmounted by a Lotus Leaf, upon which rests a full-blown Lotus blossom, in the center of it burns eternally the undying fire of fraternal charity, symbol of Love. I also see from this Lily-crowned altar, diverging lines of radiation, broadening and growing fainter in outline and color. As they extend, they reach the outer circumference of the Bungalow.

“And Oh, thou Priestly Master, who ere thou art, as I look more deeply into the Interior, twelve sections of precious metals inlaid with cunning workmanship, unfold

before me. Each division is encrusted with a gem. Each gem vibrates its own color from the center of the Altar, where the pure white light glows and from which emanates the seven rainbow tints. Each tint picks up its own vibrating ray and bears the weight of its influence through the totality of the twelve final colors, to the utmost extent of their periphery. This circumference, extending, enlarging and encompassing, is as lasting as Infinity and as endless as Eternity."

The vision here, becomes too dazzling to be further described in words. But as her eyes respond to the impulse of the trained Will, her senses no longer tremble before the manifestation of the idealities of the Divine World. She looks steadily and beseechingly at the High-Priest and said:

"Oh, tell me, Master of the Inner Wisdom! Why this bewilderment of perception? Why this chaos of dazzling beauty? Touch thou, mine eyes with thy wand of Omnipotence, that I may see and read the

scroll unrolling for me. I stand before thee, for further instruction."

He but touched the Altar with the point of the reed which he still held and then said:

"Know ye not, my Beloved Initiate, thou art looking into the Book of Life, as well as into the Book of Death? From it may be read the mystery of every sacred shrine. In all ages, there has never been set up a place of worship without its sacred Mystery; from which may come all attainment of the Past and the Future.

"These gems, my Beloved, are so arranged with regard to each other, that under right conditions, the vibration of each substance will harmonize with the vibrations of the Universe. As the pulsations of the great currents of ether sweep by, these gems respond to its slightest touch, giving out to those who see and listen in the Silence, a vision of harmony and words of import. Listen again, see for thyself as few can see, the Divine World in its largeness."

Thus instructed, the Wanderer turns her gaze once more upon the ever varying play of color. She beholds, out of the seeming mingling, the emerald, sapphire, diamond; carnelian, topaz, carbuncle; moonstone, agate, amethyst; beryl, onyx, jasper; these twelve, holding the impulse of the mystic sacred number, form a carpet of mosaic gorgeousness and brilliancy, that even the dexterous language of mortal, fails to describe. As the inner meaning unrolls before her; as suddenly as the wild note of the bird pierces the budding forest; so do again the unworldly words and song of the High Priest, thrill into conscious memory something of the long-forgotten, in the ages of sacred worship and fellowship of the Gods.

“This begemmed carpet is the symbol of the radiance of Immortal Existence. It is quadrated by the Divine power of the One, delegated to the Four Great Builders. Each quadrate is trined, to show that each Builder possesses the triune attributes of

the One, acting under the Omnipotent Word."

As the deep truth of the words sink into her soul, the charm of contemplation deepens. Her enraptured vision sweeping the ravishing interior, the light from the transparent altar spreads itself more and more, over the whole interspace, thrusting back the twilight dimness into the lesser day. Her eyes, in their steady restlessness of discovery rest upon the grouping of the Mystical Builders, the Four Great Angels who have ever builded more wisely than if they had not been overshadowed by the Divine, Creative Thought.

"Each Warden of the jewelled triad," continues the voice of instruction, "belongs to its own particular plane, and hence stands thereon."

After a furtive glance of survey, her eyes cease their restive search, lingering upon a figure standing upon the right of the Altar, guarding the entrance and the threshold, over which she is not allowed to

step until tested. In unspeakable ecstasy, she would have stepped forward, at once, into this ornate and polished habitation. But the Guardian of the Gate, the Angel of the Fire, garmented in His own unique splendor, lifts his consecrated symbol across the portal of the hallowed citadel, thus barring nearer approach. As a mighty Warrior he stands, brave, courageous, king-like in inimitable, flaming stateliness.

His staff of Dignity bears foliage. Unfolding blossoms of the yellow-starred flower of the Sun, wreathed with petals of the same intensity, crown it with beauty and symetry. Emblem of Light, condensed Fire, forever looking upward! Its God is the Sun! It always look toward its God. Its blood is resinous; from the rootlet in the ground to its star-shaped apex, its texture is of fiery particles. It holds a strong, impressive lesson. Whenever oppressed by darkness, wait. When the sun shines for thee again, as it surely will, let thy face be turned thitherward. So will the light of truth constantly beam upon thy soul.

Upon the brow of this Fire King—the Angel of Splendor, is fitted a circle of Amethyst, badge of his own purity of intent. It shimmers and glows, from innate radiance, forming a nimbus of soft light around his lordly head. A robe of pinkish-yellow flame color, bordered with wide bands of purplish red, is loosely belted about the waist with a girdle of rubies and carbuncles, set in fine gold. The jewels quiver with a molten light, reflection of the Great White Throne—of the One. The girdle is the Divine Commission, symbol of all that Fire means to man.

As the progress of the Wanderer is stayed by this view of magnificence and power, the High Priest, swings the fragrant incense bowl. The rising cloud of vapor dims the dazzling vision, which stirs her soul to the fathomless depths of its own mystery. Thus he speaks:

“Oh, Wandering Vision of Light and Beauty! Tremble not before the Guarding of the Gate; nor before the sublimity of his

fiery presence. The flame, of the undying essence of the Fire God, must touch, awaken and feed the ultimate atom, sleeping in the chalice of every soul, ere the magic gate opens, leading into the Holy Place of the Higher Ego. Wot ye not, his power embraces not alone the expression of phenomena? His crowning work, is the power to touch into life, bodies that shall be the school for souls. I would have thee see *all* my habitation holds. So seeing for thyself it shall *become thine*. Look again, tell me more of what thou seest and which thy heart alone can call into expression."

CHAPTER X.

ALL hail, to the Guardian of the Inner Sanctuary! With greeting and obeisance, rapt in a transport of wonderment, the Wanderer gazes steadfastly into what has hitherto been a hidden life. She discerns upon its own tripod of gems, an Angel, poising as an eagle trimming its flight in mid-air—crystalized motion. Its vesture is a transparent garb, of such quality that if but kissed by its brother, Angel-Fire, it expands into more etherial outline. The virgin of essential substance, who giveth the breath of all lives, the Angel of the Air, floats before her as the symbol of Human Thought.

The attitude is at once as restful as a Summer Morn, as forceful as the storm set in motion by its own intensity. Hands and arms lifted to the brow; she is crowned by a chaplet of flowers, as illusive and transitory as the Winged Goddess, herself.

These flowers will be as cheerfully transferred to another, and as surely, as they will bloom again at the birth of a new day. The fragile Morning Glory, dainty in color, graceful in formation as the Heavenly-hued Wearer, holds the refreshing dew, the wine of Life, in its lily-shaped petals. It fades but to renew its beauty.

Out of the Silent air, again flow unclothed words of instruction:

“Consider well, the truth this blossom has for thee. It rears itself in mid-air and changes in a breath, as quickly as human thought. The flower and the Goddess alike, are a blending of force, purity and gentleness. The stupendousness of its underlying potency, before which all things material bow, is also as efflorescent as an air bubble.”

The wonderful combination of beauty, strength and power threw about the Wanderer a weird fascination; an uncontrollable desire to be crowned with the flowery chaplet. As before, under a momentary impulse,

she essayed to press forward; to fall at the feet of the beguiling Goddess, and there beg the boon. But again her approach is arrested, now by the Teacher of the Sacred Rites. Thus he speaks:

“Oh, Child! Disturb not that which sleeps latent in the bosom of this, the Keeper of the Lives. The same element, invisible and intangible pulsates through all life. The impulse of all thought vibration trills upon it, as does the hand of the viol player upon the strings of his instrument. Without its element you cannot hold to the earth life. Without food you may exist for days; without water you may thirst for many hours; or so suspended that you cease to be in touch with the magnetic joy and sweetness of Earth. But to be shut from the blessings of the Giver of Life, for a short time, is severing the cord holding together the boundaries of the visible and invisible worlds. Therefore, Supreme Power vests in the Angel of the Air, as Preserver, after the Angel of Fire, has

stirred into expression, a life that is to work out for itself new results, and quickening power. So, is symbolized in Human Thought, not only that which seems to clog our progress, but that also which uplifts and differentiates our mentality, creating thus, each for ourselves a good or an evil world.

“Remember it is said the ‘wind bloweth where it listeth, ye hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell from whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth.’ The changing, ever restless, never quiet, Spirit of the Air folds in her wings and crowns with her chaplet of Universal Glory, all who listen, linger and long for the Truth. Her glory already overshadows thee, my Beloved.”

Scarcely, had the listening Wanderer, time to turn her thoughts and eyes from the etherial and spiritual beauty of this celestial Angel, than was borne in upon her the sensations of a tremendous impulse appealing almost with violence, to her personal consciousness. As discernment and perception were keyed to their keenest

action, so is she conscious of every attribute of the rock-bound, iron-barred condition of the Earth's unfolding.

The chilling firmness and solidity of its touch rests upon her. Through the clear sight of the higher senses, as if looking into the dimness of the far-off, she beholds the Angel of Earth. She is easily identified by the opaqueness of her garments, through which neither light nor heat can readily pass. In pose, voluptuous, beyond conception; profuse in rarest coloring; at once prolific and prodigal, she appeals to man, as a perfect part of himself. Luxurious red roses overflow both hands and arms. Their passionate fragrance, for the instant, pervading the sanctuary, compels recognition. This strong Angel seeks forever to make herself heard as well as felt. From her emotional lips touched by magnetic fire, fall these words, spoken in accents fervent and impelling:

"Here ye, Daughter of mine! Before thou canst pass on to bathe in the celestial

dew shed from the mystical flower of the Nile, thou must know that in my dark womb, all seeds of life are planted. They spring forth sheathed in their own protecting wrappings, which blend in such harmony of purpose as cannot be imitated by man. Under the operation of the Divine Word, thy Mother Earth began to evolve and lift herself into a condition of firmness and solidity. Thereby she becomes a sojourning place for vitalized unfoldment of both the lower and higher forms of Existence.

“Listen and harken! Touch not carelessly these blossoms so exquisite in fragrance and color! They symbolize the Divine Passion on the physical plane; they adorn but to sting and wound the wearer. Not a rose grows or blooms upon the earth but its stem bears a thorn to prick those who would misuse this type of Creative Energy. The same condition exists for whoever drags the Divine Love down to the darkened conception of the lower planes,

misusing and debasing it. Whosoever bravely fights and wins, shall enter into the realms of unfoldment, thence into the perfecting of a perpetual transmutation."

With the flower of transmutation wreathed about her majestic form; with waves, of green, yellow and blue limiting, and thus chained, the Mother Spirit poses in all the grandeur of queenly intuition, sublime and supernal.

To her, the Wanderer reverently gives token of dignity and loyalty:

"Oh, thou, Crucible of the Divine Alchemist! Fruitful in boundless plenty, I hail thee! Queen of the Elements, thou art! Praise for thee and all thou doest for mankind!"

As a rose passing from its full bloom to the falling apart of its petals; changing from bright gorgeousness of color, to the dim duskiness of the inert; so a grey, impervious cloud gathers around the Spirit of Mother Earth, like unto a mist from the sea, hiding the vision of rich loveliness from the eyes of the Wanderer.

CHAPTER XI.

AS this cloud receives the Mother Angel out of sight, a far off sound as of many waters breaks upon the sentient air. It carries to the ear a monotone as of the dew dropping from heaven into the silent sea. Interwoven as variations of a theme, is the wild dash of the ocean waves against the storm-worn beach; the frivolous song of the gay little brooklet winding its way in and out to endless Destiny; the ebb and flow of the ceaseless river; and the noisy fall of the cataract. All these form one composite symphony of melody, as sung by the Water Sprites of the long ago—of the present and of the ages to come. Mingled with sounds familiar and unfamiliar; with the meter of song pastoral and prosaic; aye, from limitless space itself, comes a murmur proceeding from out the shining Interior, a soft echo from the golden waters of the river of Paradise. It is the

whisper of the Divine voice, speaking through its mystical interpreter, the Father of Souls, the mobile, the opalescent, the crystalline God of the Water!

He is robed in his own translucent colors. A cloak of milky-whiteness resembling in its pearly texture the foam of the sea, falls from head to foot. This in the light of brilliant gems, transmits all the tints of the Waters of Life, as they flow from the throne of God.

The robe sways in waves of unrest, as if stirred by the subtle force of the Virgin Sister. But it is held in place, by a single jewel-anthered Lotus-blossom. Like its foster sister, in its center and upon its petals lingers the crystal dew, having power to wash away all tears; and whose essence is the balm for the "healing of nations."

In tones of purling trebles and chromatic harmony, the Voice of the Great Waters, steal upon the ear of the Wanderer:

"Behold, I make all things new. What I say unto you, is true and to be forever

written in the Book of Life. From the essence of my mystical depths is made manifest the Divine Spark—the King of the Elements! By the union of the two, the King and the Father, our sister, Human thought—the etherial substance, formed itself into the blue sky—into waves of vital air, as intangible as spirit. Then the giver of Life—the breath of the mighty Waters, breathed through the nostrils of the Fire-King, in response to the imperative call, that is never delayed nor questioned: ‘Let there be existence, as I AM.’ Thus called into equilibrium, we three, aided by the Angel of the Earth, balanced ourselves into the Four-Square City. Thereby creating the active principle of manifestation, the Mother Earth—the sustainer of all things existent. Behold, my Beloved, we come quickly to ye who are ready—who open the door of the inner Temple, when the echo of the undying words resound in the heart: ‘Behold I stand at the door and knock.’ Not until then, will the twelve pearly gates,

leading into the New Jerusalem, be thrown open to the Waiting and Wandering ones."

When the angel had ceased speaking, and the Wanderer had seen and heard of the great Arcanum, she fell down as if to worship at the feet of those who had been her instructors, exclaiming in accents at once melifluous and entreating:

"Angel of the Water, Father of Souls, bathe me in thy Divine depths, wash me in the mystical pool, whence springs the germ of Life and Love.

"Oh, King of the Flame, guide my journey thitherward, with the light of thy torch.

"Oh, Virgin Sister mine, vivify me with the breath of thy wisdom!

"Thou Sustainer of all life, I thank thee for the comforts thou dost bestow upon mankind. I pray the light of each may cast its beams upon the world."

As the sound of her last musical utterance dies into the silence, light as from a thousand suns bursts upon her, and breaks

into numberless fragments the clouds that enshroud the mountain. Enrobed in an attitude of profound stillness; her noble and symmetrical outline of physique, is bathed in the transfiguring light of the sunshine of Life. Is it the light from the Star? The light that cannot be born and never changes, except in its ever varying hues tinted by thoughts eternal and never dying? Or is it the light of the myriad suns of the Ages settling upon her?

But the voice of the one who had charmed her thitherward, floated to her ears, above and amid the symphonic choir of the spheres:

“‘Arise, behold, thou art at the end of thy search. Thou hast become the light, thou hast become the sound, thou art thyself the object of thy search. The voice that resounds unbroken through the Ages is thine. The seven sounds in one, the voice of the Silence!’ These angels have watched over thee, since thou didst pass the narrow gate, until thou shouldst be

instructed sufficiently to stand before the Holy of Holies." Thus closes another paragraph in the history of a soul's evolution.

Before we pass on, let us outline the picture in full, we have tried to sketch as the drama of every searching soul.

On the mountain of Peace, Rest and Over-coming, stands the unpretentious Bungalow. The coarsest, heaviest wrapping often protects the most valuable results of Man's perfected skill in art, or the most precious material. So it is within this home, the storm-beaten Temple of the Soul, hidden for a time from the pelting cruelty of the outer hurricane, stands the Waiting one. It is one who has been moulded in sorrow; carved by the iron hand of limitation and deprivation; polished to an inexpressible radiance of attrition by the moving energy of terrestrial environment. More and more indrawn; more and more consecrated to the tediousness of waiting, it lingers for the toiling Wanderer. Who seeking, forever seeking, will surely part

the Veil, hiding the Real from the Unreal, the true from the illusions of Life.

Within, behold the Holy of Holies, the Inner of the Inner. The tapestried walls express the wear and tear of the Ages, the endurance of a much tried existence. From the tessellated pavement come suggestions of strength, purity and repose, a fit foundation for the rising Altar of purest Alabaster. On this, as if fresh from the hand of a water spirit, rests a Lotus-blossom. Its quivering heart pulsates and throbs in unison with the moving waves of mortal thought.

Before the Altar, robed in the majesty of his own accomplishment; erect in the consciousness of right desire; glorious in the unity with the ONE, calmly reposes the Waiting Soul. From the essential germ within the Lotus, a dazzling stream of light, mingling and quivering with indescribable color, expands to the places of the Four Angels—the Builders of the Earth—the Lords of manifestation.

Robes in their attributes, they wait on the soul that has attained. To the soul, searching, has come the supreme moment upon which ages wait; and upon which unfolding manifestation for future generations depends.

The Wandering Soul has, with strong hand, lifted the Veil of seclusion; advancing to the Shrine of the Inner, is again challenged, replying out of the truths of the hoary Past.

With face radiant by the light of its own achievement; with form subtle and lithe, perfected by the action of its own powers; she waits in poise slightly leaning toward the Altar and its Prophet.

The eyes eager, questioning, intent and shining with the light which no outer sense can perceive; with lips partially parted, she awaits as best she may, the swift oncoming of the result of years of search and unsatisfied desire. Nor pen nor brush can paint, nor word depict this crisis of the Supreme Moment.

Fragrance supernal, color divine, music angelic. The harmony of infinite bliss is hers, as her hand clasping the golden chain of the Censer completes the last act of fulfilled obligation. The broken union of Paradise is once more joined and complete.

The Quest of the Holy Grail is ended!

CHAPTER XII.

“**D**RAW thou near the Altar, that with me, thou mayest inhale the sweet fragrance of the incense. It is the life-giving essence that reunites past lives and is the revealer of secrets. Come, hither and after the manner of the instructed, we will swing the sacred bowl.”

As she advances closer, he stays her with the question:

“Look closely upon my face and tell me, who am I?”

Face to face, gazing fixedly into the magical depths of his clear, steadfast eyes, she reads her answer. In low, tremulous tones she said:

“Thou art an High Priest, a helper of the people.”

So speaking, by the training of long experience, she laid her hand, as it should be, upon the swinging Censer. Slowly

moved the Golden Bowl. Higher and higher, more diffused became the cloud of perfumed vapor. As it enfolded them, it became a veil of separation from the environment; the vista of endless years withholds its power of distance; the Past and the Present embrace each other; the misty mantles of Illusion drop from the Wandering and the Waiting ones.

In an instant, the memories of all lives are joined, they are fully revealed one to the other. Again, in the marvellously toned voice, trained to its melodiousness through the forgetfulness of everything but tender, self-sacrificing love, he said:

“Look again, oh, thou beauteously clad Wanderer, tell me who thou art and what am I to thee?”

Behold! A new light is borne in upon each. The morning of a new day has dawned; as mighty in its dawning, as when the Great Charioteer, standing in her chariot, handling the reins of the Divine steeds, urges them above the horizon, decorated in

all the marvellous glory of Aurora's freshest handiwork.

In the freshness as of the morning, he is revealed to the Wanderer as a perfected Apollo type, in the prime of ripened manhood, sweet, gentle, in all the kingliness of the High Priesthood, the Omnipotence of his power at its height. His threefold love beams forth from every glance of his wonderful eyes, and his face shines as it is the "Sun's nature to shine."

For him, is a vision, the fairest the sun ever shone upon. It is the embodiment of all gracious womanhood, young, fair, the vestal over all others in the Great Temple. It recalls the never-dying flame on the altar, as one and inseparable, with this child of the Fire.

With the inhalations of the rising fragrance, a soft chime, as of golden peals sound through the air, voicing blessings from the angelic choir. Glorious forms of realized perfection have become saliently visible. Penetrating and brooding in soft-

ened tints, over and throughout the Bungalow, are shed the prismatic hues of light always illumining the inner chambers of an awakened soul. Personal harmony, thus speaking from its own plane, receives response from personal sense, as the Divine Creator intended it should be.

To this renewed expression of two in one, words add themselves from out the Great Silence. It is the voice of the Watcher of the Gate of Paradise who sagely choosing from the wisdom of the ages, says:

“The true marriage is perfect harmony. It exists from the moment of creation or re-creation, and cannot be lessened or added to. Ye have now knowledge of what the years have carried in trust, since the Gates of Paradise closed behind you. ‘Getting married’ is a misnomer. Marriage is the mutual recognition of two yearning souls after ages of separation. Spirit substance is constantly flowing for you, from the Sun. This is one in essence, dual in manifesta-

tion. Ye make your own separations, whether present or absent, for spirit has only unity. Therefore, in the true marriage, Duality manifests at the first, thus veiling the One, who is the All in All. Children of the Sacred Fire! Learn to live the love of the angels, which is yours as the guerdon of accomplishment. Separation is no more between thee!"

As fades away the song of the spheres, so lapses the voice of the Watcher at the Gate into the Infinite Stillness. The senses for a moment cease to minister to soul growth. The quenchless fire burns higher and higher. The waters of life blend as do the waters of a great ocean. The magnetic soul current vibrates in an ecstasy of power. Revealed to each other, once more they raise aloft the mystic Chalice. Clasp hands in the Four-Square sign of perfected power, they at once rise into that condition of oneness whence it is possible for both to know that "GOD IS LOVE." Amidst this ceremon-

ial chant of the essential elements, their nuptials are celebrated. The supreme joy of that day, is the joy of all other days, when souls so attuned meet in true fellowship.

The Four Great Angels recede into the uttermost corners of the habitation; the bells chime with more melodious clearness. The incense vapor curls in vortex rings, rising higher and yet higher, until its perfume blends with the rose-yellow tints, growing ever more golden. The angel forms spread their wings simultaneously, as if one great Archangel; hovering afar off from a scene which is too sacred for even angels to witness.

Slowly, with hand still clasping hand in delicious tenderness of expression, they move toward the barrier that has protected them from the intrusion of the restive world. The splendor of the great curtain trembles. Behind it dwells Omniscience, the attainment of which has been typified by its lifting. They are to further undergo,

the ordeal of the curtain again falling behind them. But thanks to the Father of Love! They shall pass this limitation in the supporting devotion of undying companionship. Alone they had come. In the sweet sufficiency of satisfying presence they go hence.

When the curtain shall have fallen behind them, will it forevermore remain down? As they approach the entrance, the thickness of the Veil vanishes to a twilight glimmer; then to a filmy mist. Finally, as if parted by the hands of the Angels, the great shadow of the unmanifested parts in twain.

The Dual soul never more to be twain, steps out on the mountain plateau.

They face the setting sun from the crest of the mountain. Slowly it sinks into the fathomless horizon, tinting them with its dying gorgeousness, the rays of which no painter's brush can touch into life.

She wears the crown of her own desire,

having realized once for all the full fruition of a perfected love. As the face of the Great Lawgiver, when coming from the immediate Presence, so was the light upon face of the High Priest. His robe and entire bearing is transparently glorified by the infusion of the divinely human love, which has been poured over him as the oil of consecration. Both attest through the immortal fire of inspiration, that they have been touched by the magic wand of the Four Great Angels; and as the old passed away, so all things became new.

The entrance leading into the new world lay before them. The dim outline of the Past fades into absolute nothingness. All possessions are at their feet. Will they deem the lifting of them too great a sacrifice? The sun sinks lower and grows more resplendent in its crimson robe. The arbutus on the rocky uplift begets a more purplish tint, as it burys deeper in the shadow of its green bedding. The rocky promontories, moss-covered, resemble emer-

ald juttings. The entire mountain is transfigured as with a baptism of concentrated power. Beneath, and far beyond the sight, lay the freshness of the valley plain. The minarets and roofs of the City Beautiful, point skyward, glittering in the sunset air, as a forest of white and gold. It is a city finished in its completeness. Its Alabaster Temple stands clear in its whiteness. The great transparent dome shines brilliantly, reflecting the rosy twilight in a thousand tints.

Crowned and robed in their new found vestments, they, the Wandering and Waiting Souls, are enveloped in the eternal embrace of the benison of Love and Peace.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE solemnity of the Angelus hour deepens. It is the hour belonging to the soul seeking to face the Self; it is then, the tone of its own sounds are intensest and most resonant—the hour of keenest vibration on the line of all Nature. It is the Silence that belongs to the soul of things.

Silence! Silence! Silence! In the darkness of thy Stillness all things are rooted and centered. The tear drop shed from many heart throbs, springs from thy fathomless depths, diffusing itself in the soundless ocean that encircles the world. The silvery, ringing laughter of fast budding maidenhood comes from thy profound abyss of joy; rippling away into a deathless quiet, leaves but the echo of its endless vibration on the barrier closing over the grave of maiden youthfulness. But it opens again at the touch of Woman, who awaken-

ing in time, learns the lessons that await her.

Silence, Oh, thou Silence! Who has not felt the power of thy retreating influence? Who has not felt the peacefulness of thy serene domain? Always restful yet unrest is conceived within thy womb. Both joy and sorrow are incubated under thy maternal wings and nurtured in the phantoms, that linger forever near, ready to manifest according to the Seer, be he positive or negative.

The stillness of the boundless silence enshrouds the mountain. The lilac, mauve-tinted twilight is pierced by the red rays of the sun, now swiftly on its beneficent journey to other worlds. All Nature is making ready to close her eyes for rest, that through the darkness of night she may grow into the light of the coming day.

In the sublime harmony of the hour, standing close together, the Wandering and Waiting souls contemplate the oncoming of change, the inevitable. In eye, face and

pose they express all the most gracious attributes of Love Divine and Human. Neither speak. Their gaze is turned tranquilly toward their beloved city.

The chiming bells reverberate in the distant air, growing fainter and fainter. The angels waft a musical sigh, as they retreat into the star-lit vault of the Eastern sky. The mystical hymn of "Eternal Day" issuing from the Holy of Holies, dies away in the silence of the Bungalow. The star, symbol of Life and Immortality, now, loosed itself from the pinnacle, and as a boat released from its moorings, drifts out above the gazers into the twilight of infinite distances. There, glowing, as temptingly as when throwing its beacon light as a talisman to the climbing Wanderer. It whispers softly of days yet to come; of love and peace and joy supernal; of satisfaction, not satiety; of rest, not restlessness. At once, in the dim distance of the valley, arises a vision of the entrancing Goddess of Hope, refreshing to the eye as

was the vision of Beatrice to Dante! She points to the Star, the star that forever shines, bouyant and uplifting to all Way-faring and Waiting ones. So will it shine on through the Eternity of Time, until engulfed by the infinity of space, the Nirvana of its center is reached.

But hark! The stillness is ruffled, the harmony broken, by the muffled sound of many voices. They are calling for their idols as the Israelites called for the Golden Calf. The effect is as if a multitude, trained in unison, had as with one voice, shouted aloud. It rumbled through the valley. It swept up the mountain side with thundering potency. It brought with it the destructive impulse of a tornado. It swept through their hearts as the breath of a blizzard is wont to do. For a moment, the rock of immovable purpose within them, quivered, under the shock of this advancing wave of almost irresistible desire.

Then, with all the calmness of reserved power, born out of training of past lives, he,

the Waiting Bridegroom turned to his Wandering Bride in words which bore with them the clear sense of justice, and said:

“Beloved, hear ye not the voice of the multitude, our people calling for us. We who have ever been and now are, their helpers and counsellors?”

“Yea, I hear,” answered the beautiful Bride. “We must hasten. But before we go hence, let us here in the presence of the angels; in the presence of Hope the Blessed, and her effulgent Star, renew the vow we voiced at the Gates of Paradise.”

Facing the fast sinking Sun, they knelt upon the mountain crest—a foot stool at the Throne of God! With voices trained in the Divine melody of harmony, they sing the wierd chant of the old Aramic tongue:

“Oh, Child of the ONE! Oh, thou most magnificent and glorious Sun! We thy mortal lovers hail thee! We hail thee as symbol of Light, Life, Purity and Power! We bathe ourselves in thy golden rays, gathering renewed life for the Spirit, and

exhaustless strength for endurance of the physical and human conditions. In all the labors that lay before us, grant us guidance and ability to accomplish. Hail! Hail! We greet thee Lord of Manifestation! Let a ray of thy beneficent emanation weld inseparately and forever, the Threefold vow vowed at the Gates of the Immortal City. We hail Thee, Mighty Master of the Day!"

As the final triumphant note pealed from the mountain top in the still air, a direct ray from the last golden sunbeam baptized their upturned faces, hiding for a moment, the valley below.

The obligation of the ages is renewed. The oblation of Love accepted. Once more the Children of the Sun turn their faces worldward. They arise, leaving behind the darkness of the Silence in the Bungalow, where dwells the Ideal and the True. Again they open their consciousness to the bustle and confusion of human Illusion.

Hand in hand, they slowly descend the Mountain of Transmutation. On the

heights the mists of the ineffable, enfold
the Bungalow.

Has the Veil hanging before the Holy
of Holies, fallen forever for these re-united
ones?



PART SECOND.

A MEMORY OF A SOUL.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun god gave its benediction. Then, sinking into the fathomless waters, carried the joy of sunshine with it. Mountain and plain lay enrobed in the shadowy folds of the mantle of night, now falling more and more heavily over the landscape.

The Dreamer rouses for an instant, unconsciously startled by the duskiness in which all is plunged. But, she is held by a force stronger than steel, more subtly potent than electricity; a force as fascinating in its certainty of results, as the trembling embrace of young lovers is uncertain of future evolvment.

Yielding to the sweet influences of the ideal world, conscious of having witnessed a

soul's inner experience, satisfied with its finished perfection, again she becomes entranced on the bosom of the mysterious Morpheus. Thus entering the Gates of Sleep, they close quickly, and so tightly that the opaque darkness rapidly induces lethargy.

The touch of a hand pressed firmly upon her forehead, arouses her from this supine and apathetic slumber. A voice from out the temple of her soul, wholly awakens her inner consciousness, saying:

"Arouse thyself! Waste not the hours of thy soul-life in slothful wandering through the Vale of Forgetfulness! Awake! Awake!"

Vaguely and sleepily, the Dreamer protests against the intrusion. Alas! the Dreamer's soul is but one of many, that shrink from the awakening of its slumbering latencies. For, does not the dawning light reveal the vampires hid in the darkness of the prison of Habit? These by their routine work and daily visits, obstruct

the road leading to Destiny. The soul that can burst through the prison walls into light, may well smile when touched by an unseen hand; and answer without fear the voice calling from out the sublimity of the Silence. As the sleeping soul, so this Dreamer, this woman full of youthful and vital energies, protests against a disturbing element.

But, being further urged, she arouses sufficiently to behold a figure standing near. A model of sublime proportions, symmetrical; flowing hair and beard; piercing blue eyes; a broad expansive forehead; features benign, but firm and decided.

He bears the stamp of one who stands under the light of the Almighty God, and sits on the throne that overshadows all the lives of the Ages. A pinkish-gray robe envelops his august form. Its dusky gray betrays its true fashioning, as if woven from a portion of the grim and dusty veil of the Past. It is held at the waist by a girdle, from whose clasp no fold is ever

allowed to escape. From the girdle swings the Golden Key which unlocks the pearly gates leading to the Four Square City, the City of the New Jerusalem. Its worn outlines show its use through all the long centuries of existence.

Gently and silently, the figure awaits recognition from the Dreamer. At last, falteringly she speaks:

"I know ye not. Why disturb my dreams, and what wouldst thou have of me?"

In a breath as soft and low as the sighing of the south winds through the sweet scented pines, he answers her in this manner:

"Oh, Dreamer! Dream thou no longer. The time has come for thee to know that which has been stored for thee. Until now, it has been locked within the Casket that only the Golden Key can unlock."

"But who art thou, and from whence cometh?"

"I am one of the Gods and dwell in the far off Land of Mist."

"But what is thy name? The name the Gods gave thee?"

Once again, in soft breath yet vibrating in august and holy accents, he answered:

"The Gods call me, 'Memory.'"

"What message bringst thou to me?"

"Wot ye not the voice of many people resounding through the mountain top? Would ye follow the echo of that voice? Would ye know the destiny of the Wandering and Waiting souls? If thou wouldst know, then is this my message for thee."

"But whither? I know not the way thence."

"Come hither, and I will point out to thee the end."

CHAPTER II.

THE dusky aura clears. The Dreamer beholds the light and splendor of an awakening dawn. Nature, in undiscovered loveliness, lifts for Memory the curtain, hanging before the richly piled storehouse and reveals itself, in the great Creative Act of Manifestation. By which act the earth clothes itself with verdure; the leaves, stems, and stalks depending upon the lower atmosphere, push yearningly up into a higher life of development; thence, on and on, through the cauldron of transmutation, until the fullness and joy of Nature in its normal condition, is reached.

As from a Mount of Transfiguration, the Dreamer looks down and views the magnificence of an ancient city!

Over and beyond the mountain tops, where, in the circle of the eastern sky Aurora parts the curtain of night, the crim-

son and gold lines bespeak the coming of another day. Slowly the bands of light broaden. In universal quiet, Nature awaits the clearing away of the misty drapery enshrouding mountain and plain. This, hanging over the outskirts of an enchanted Isle in far off Utopia, forms a background for a perfect picture of a city, set in relief, against the shadowy gray of early morning.

Low music of wild, strange birds, the call of the thrush bursting from its mountain home; the sweet plaintive trill of the nightingale; and the song of the lark, mingle with the far off notes of the human voice, flooding the air with rhythmic harmonics. At the feet of the Dreamer and her ancient guide, lay a broad stretch of plateau, green, fresh and of velvety smoothness, dotted with snowy tents, brilliant and dazzling. Further on towards the sea, rise heavenward the towers, temples and palaces of a proud and brilliant nation. Their alabaster whiteness gleams pure and saintly in the mist of the early morning. The

molten sea which lay far beyond, ripples in long wavelets, with the breath of the newborn day floating across its depths.

The Dreamer and her companion move thitherward.

Now, the golden streaks broaden and lengthen more rapidly. Across the eastern sky, beyond the mountain, flashes of color chase each other in quick succession; heralding the presence of the Great Doorkeeper, who comes clothed with the spirit of truth and manifold blessings, to fling wide open the gates of the new day.

With the increase of breaking dawn, Nature stirs. The great breath of Universal Godliness bursts forth, and curls in vortex rings unto the very gates of heaven. Mother Earth pulsates in unison with the Four Builders. By him who listens, may be heard the *Matin* hymn of Nature's angels.

At this moment the sun lifts its golden head above the horizon line, there lingers for a moment, only a moment. Then suddenly swings out above the vista, as a per-

fectly trained athlete springs into the arena. Now, like a ball of gold resting in the heavens, a magnificent grouping of artists' dreams and architects' unabridged designs is revealed.

Under the touch of the sun's warm rays all Nature awakes. The lesser lights cease to shine; the fading moon grows paler and paler; the air quivers with the whirr of the awakening Universe; the birds swell their low twitter into a jubilant shout, of: "He is arisen." The shy, little violet peeps out from its mossy blanket, and lifts its blue eyes skyward, shooting forth messages of fragrant perfume, to be returned laden with a deepening richness of color in its violet-blue. The murmuring talk of the leaves becomes more and more audible, as their voices rustle through the sacred and mysterious canopy, formed by the arched limbs stretching forth from their own parent stem.

As the sun grows brighter in the East, the white tents sway with its lustre. The occupants begin leaving their quarters.

Those who have reposed in luxuriant palace or hostlery, also step out alertly, with the air of eagerness and waiting, for that which will bring them in touch with the soul's best food.

The crafts in the bay put on their holiday paraphernalia, unfurling to the gentle, morning breeze silken banners, which light up the silvery sheen of the water with varied color and expression. The fishing smacks and galley fleets, push out into deeper waters and there anchor.

In the midst of this silent greeting to the new day, the soft-robed God and the Dreamer wait, a little apart. At this moment he comes nigh, and gently draws her toward the more central portion of the city. With a majestic sweep of the hand, he points to the broadening landscape and whispers: "Behold!"

Before her trained vision the Dreamer beholds a scene too brilliant for words fitly to portray. The soul that has travelled far, in the fret and confusion of the world's

strife, finds itself entranced when first facing the beauty and peace of an Arcadian Renaissance.

The City of Atlantis lies before her. Smiling archly she breathes the glad tidings:

“This is the dawning of life.”

Ever and anon, a ray of light shooting forth from the horizon, flashes around the stupendous dome of transparent glory, which shines as a beacon light for sailors out of port. And also as a symbol of the crown, the men and women of Atlantis have chosen to wear, for their own glory. Now, the people have ceased dreaming, and are coming forth in greater numbers from their homes and domiciles. Imagination can not paint the gorgeousness of this wonderful city, when illuminated by the God of Day.

Again behold, the congregation of people increase and gather *en masse* about a broad Plaza, which springs phantom like from the heart of the mountain.

Dazed at the swelling throng, that continues to mass in waves of enthusiasm and gladness, the Dreamer turning to her guide, asks:

“Pray, why this excitement? Whither this hastening throng of a fantastically robed people?”

Before he can make answer, a larger concourse of people press onward past them. Athletic men, graceful women, laughing childhood jostle together in harmonious glee.

The scene to the Dreamer is of ineffable brilliancy and magnificence. Color and form prevail to a superlative degree. A *tableau vivant* resembling a glittering bazaar lay spread before the beholder.

The far reaching vision of the Dreamer's inner consciousness, perceives an island continent, dropped as a triangular cut gem into a setting of blue waters, of a boundless ocean. Is it not the Paradise of which the ancient Bards were wont to sing?

The sweet-tongued guide said :

“Know ye not fair child, that ye stand upon the hallowed ground of the far famed Atlantis? No fairer land hath mortal eye ever looked upon. But lo, behold for thyself?”

Gazing steadily upon the scene, her perception broadening, she perceived mountain and valley; hill and plain; plateau and limpid streams, springing forth with rippling laughter and gleeful song, from the vast solitude of their mountain home. Thence they move on more calmly, through hamlet, forest and tropical gardens, until finally their waters mingle again mysteriously with the great ocean. Abundance reigns, plenty sweeps the land from mountain to sea.

Backward and forward, in undulating, pulsating waves the people move, both sexes and all ages, like unto an army of calm, white gods, toward the Great Alabaster Temple.

CHAPTER III.

WITHIN this corner of Memory's storehouse, the Dreamer's interest increases, as the magical panorama glides past her.

Again the Lordly Angel speaks:

"This, my Beloved, is the last day of the yearly seven-day feast of the Atlantians, the celebration of the New Year. This morning's convocation, is in commemoration of the Rising Sun. Thus gather the people from year to year, to listen to that which has been given out of the Silence, to those who as transmitters, give in turn to their beloved flock."

As the intonations of his voice fall upon her hearing, a cloud of the past bursts. Rose-tinted hues break in shining masses and fall with absolute purity into the changeless present; which like a weaver's shuttle, with an endless thread weaves a triune fabric, forever uniting the Hoary

Past with the Golden Future. The inner coloring of past dreams and present mysteries, cover the Dreamer with the splendor of their tints and the reflection of their designs.

Solemnly, the music chants. More slowly the notes reverberate. At last all dies away to a sublime cadence.

Crowds form still more rapidly in front of the great Plaza. Courts, galleries and colonnades are filled to overflowing. Strains of musical notes from the human voice, ring through the vibrant air. Bands of maidens and boys, some vocal and some orchestral, are massed in groups on the outer and upper porches and balconies of the Temple. Their flowing robes of Oriental hues and texture, mingle in gorgeous contrast with the pure white gowns of the leaders of the Oratorio.

Silent expectancy reigns.

"It is the Garden of the Gods," she whispers, as a galaxy of vestals move in rhythmic step from the center arch of the

Temple toward the waiting, eager multitude. Soft white stuffs drape their lovely figures. A queenly vestal, gracious and comely, leads the beautiful host. As she walks with majestic grace, her outer peplus of flowing white blends and glints with the fresh blue of her under tunic. It corresponds with the pure aura of the primeval morning hour. She is crowned with a chaplet of myrtle. In her hands are long palm branches, crossed over her breast and shading the holiness of her upturned face, from the gaze of those who would look forever upon her beloved features. With unutterable grace the swaying host approaches. As the lithe and beautiful form of the vestal comes into view, and crosses the path of the Dreamer and her sage guardian, a sympathetic thrill, as of a perfect communion sweeps through the soul of the Dreamer. Faith, hope and love, bound up and flood her fluttering heart with an aroma of peace.

The vision of a life, long lain dormant

which has ever haunted her dreams, now, reveals itself after ages of search and waiting. The gate of the soul-world is flung open. The light of soul-consciousness beams upon her. As she enters the gate, many mansions with closed windows and doors, built for the self by her own thought, stand as a revelation of what each soul may do for itself. As she looks more searchingly, she perceives but one window open, a glimmering ray from it connects with herself, she knows that she, as a living soul, is gazing unflinchingly upon one of her own past epochs. The Real, the IS-IS, has become an individualized symbol of God. Through its ministering angels, is found repose upon the mysterious Mount of Transmutation. The action of Transfiguration causes the rays of atomic matter to melt into a veil of transparency, through which the *soul world* may be viewed.

Above the pensive wail of the harp strings; far beyond the blast of trumpet and the melting tones of the human voice,

the Dreamer hears the muffled echo of the words:

“Behold the Vestal of the Temple, the Holy Isis! See thou thyself, Oh, Dreamer!”

The golden rays of the morning sun fall slantingly. His psychical energies strike the activity of her soul, and the Dreamer remembers!

The new day of a conscious birth is dawning; with it is born the thirst for immortality. She longs, with unquenchable desire, to drink deeply from the ancient fountains, in whose sunless abyss is buried the memories of the “ANCIENT OF DAYS.”

The vestals who follow in the train of their high priestess, walk in couplets and threes. The former swing the sacred incense bowls. The trines, as do their leader, bear palms.

Lastly, after all have passed, comes a beautiful lad, clad in scarlet vestment bearing aloft a chalice of burning and flaming fire, the symbol of the *Crucible of Transmu-*

tation. His brow is bound with a circlet of gold, upon the center of which is carved the Winged Globe. The central orb is a jewel of fiery brilliancy. The wings are of deep blue gems, shaded into pale green at their fringed edges. His bare arms are clasped by bracelets of precious metals cut in shape and symbol, to accord with his office in the Temple.

A broad imposing Dais stands in front of the grand arch, toward this, the picturesque procession verges nearer and nearer. The more nearly they approach, the louder swell the strains of music, until the quiet air is rent with the melody of voices.

The subdued enthusiasm waxes into a triumphant salute, as the multitude part in trained order, that the sacred vestals may pass to the altar. There they form, crescent shape, with Isis as their central magnet.

Afar off in deep minor notes, voices singing the *Matin* hymn are heard. As they draw nearer and nearer the great white

throng, they sound as does the refrain of waves breaking against a rock-bound coast.

Then, suddenly as if the heavens had opened for them, the High-Priests appear in the midst of the kneeling virgins.

Countless eyes in upturned faces are looking Eastward. They await the coming of the God of Day, returned from wanderings in other worlds, to take up his work and purpose on this planet. They welcome him in all light and truth, as the potent symbol of the Infinite.

The priestly Imperator steps upon the dais. He is vested in most royal purple, with a turban of gold cloth twisted around his head. His words of invocation are few. For the Dreamer has already observed, one of the delights of this ancient garden is, that the thought need be wrapped in but few words, if the words be chosen fitly and directly applied.

Like unto a vast, irresistible current, undulating wave upon wave from an unknown sea, the greeting of the High-

Priest, falls in rapturous accents upon the ears of the people.

The sun grows brighter, marching triumphantly higher and higher, in the circuit of time. Suddenly, with the swiftness peculiar to a tropical country, a flash of fire from the Eye of RA! A long gleam of gold shoots across the face of the people!

In the same instant, the High-Priest lifts the Rod of Power, intoning:

“Oh, thou Sun, symbol of God,
I claim from thee life.”

The music grows more and more intense as again lifting up his voice, every soul cries aloud with him:

“Oh, thou Sun, symbol of God,
I claim from thee life.”

The rhapsody echoes through the air, thunders against the mountain and rolls through the walls of the Temple; intense, as the passionate cry of the soul for perfection. Ever and anon, a tempestuous blast of trumpets drowns the magical notes of the human voice. The magnificent audi-

ence sway visibly, under the psychic spell of this invocation to the Sun.

Then, amid all the glory of the heavens and the concentration of the angel forces, the sun bursts forth in full afflatus and every knee bows in silent adoration, to the Fire God.

The priests disappear as mysteriously as they appeared. The vestals retire in the same order as they came.

ISIS, the Priestess, turning her sunlit eyes outward and seaward, lo, they meet those of the Dreamer! The Vestal moves forward, unruffled and self poised. But the Dreamer, overpowered by the burning orbs, becomes transfixed by the confirmation of a recurring scene.

The dying tone of voices subdues her soul. The glitter of the sun blinds and dazzles her. The blare of trumpets deafen. The odors intoxicating, she is but faintly conscious that her soft-gray-clad companion continues near.

CHAPTER IV.

SINCE the beginning of days, sacrifices have been laid upon the altar of Fire. We are told in ancient writings, of common fire; of holy fire; of the sacred fire and of sacrificial fire.

But what means the fire upon the altar? What means the mysterious light; the incense soaring in misty waves, as a soul expands in exaltation; the air heavy with its exhaled perfume; the solemn multitude of lamps, which with their richly wrought golden arbra gleam about shrine and tabernacle? What? But that fire, ascending toward heaven in its pristine blueness and triangular shape, is the profoundest symbol of the supreme life-giving power.

Watching the leaping flame, the triangle plainly manifests itself. The base below, the apex pointing up, is from the beginning put forth as symbolic of the Unseen, the Unknown God. There is nothing in all

the world that holds so completely within itself, all the attributes of the Supreme Intelligence. The point reaching upward is always the node of superior energy, the center of life and sensation. Hence, the apex of the fiery triangle must be the Absolute, for the real *potency of fire appears at the moment of contact.*

The spirit of fire we cognize as life. Wherever God is, there fire, as the Holy Ghost, will also be. Wherever fire is, lo, there is life! Wherever fire rests, there manifestation will be. If fire be life, then it must hold within itself the Divine Intelligence. Hence the flame. The essential essence of the flame is Life—God. If fire is God and God is love, the essential fire must be love. The manifested fire can sweep away all man's possessions, and destroy his body, but the essence dropping into the secret place of the MOST HIGH, the maelstrom or vehicle, which holds within itself the unseen charm of all existence, lights the flame that makes man Immortal.

Wherever man worships, the lights burning upon the altar, are symbolical of the Divine Energy, of generation and regeneration. These flaming lights encircle the most holy point of the ancient mosques. They glow in ambient beauty about the shrine of saints in the churches of the Eternal City. They burn constantly in mystic attestation before the tombs of the Redeemers. Always and everywhere, they are and always have been, a silent witness and sign to the initiate, of the origin and significance of the Sun Worshippers.

Man seeing fire struck out from the cold, unyielding flint, comes to believe, that the coldest, hardest stone must have a heart of fire. All Nature is built upon the Divine fire. The flagstone of matter shuts it down, waiting for the great Central Sun to drop a ray of fiery essence into the bosom of Mother Earth. It thereby creates sufficient impulse to cause it to stream forth, unwind its starry limbs, and step out into manifestation. This fire descending

upon the altar of Mother Earth holds concealed as its ultimate, the secret of life.

The lily bulb contains the same forceful fire. It possesses the Creative Energy to rise from the lowest to the highest. The Lotus is the whole lesson and law of transmutation. By its own function and growth the law of the Creative Energy acts. The gross becomes the supernal. The supreme atom of the lily and all else that is, has kindled, at the base of this Altar of the Waters, the eternal essence of Life, which is the Fire. When it reaches the surface, in manifested beauty, there burns within its bosom—white Chalice of the Gods, the Heart of Fire—the tongue of flame of the Holy Spirit. Having descended into matter for the purpose of taking hold of the material, it converts the opaque into the brilliant purity of the highest transmutation. The Holy Spirit does not really descend, but only places Itself in touch with that which is lower.

The fire springing out of the etheric and

auraic vibrations, is the highest esoteric fire, born of the spontaneous action of the positive and negative forces. We gaze with awe upon its multiform shapes; its trails of sparks; its flame wreaths; scintillating, waving arches and vortices, starting up out of the matrix of apparent solidity, reducing its source to its own ultimate invisibility.

Flame is significant of rebirth and resurrection; of the spiritual born out of the material. It is symbol and substance at once, of the immortality of the Ego. Hence the Angel of the Fire hath dominion. Above all, is the glowing supernal flower of Love, concealed in the inanimate womb of matter. The great love of the physical world, whose warmth and ardor destroys the material and perceptible form, is symbolized by the enwrapping flame. Freed from its prison of limitation and thus formless, it gives rebirth to the spirit, in both the Seen and the Unseen worlds.

The Fire God, the beautiful, the resplendent! Conceived in the Land of Silence!

Born out of the womb of Mystery! Thou art the Shadow of the Shadowless! Thou art the Causeless Cause! The existent God.

“This is thy present wheel, said the Flame to the Spark. Thou art myself, my image, and my shadow. I have clothed myself in thee.”

CHAPTER V.

THE people kneel in solemn silence. The soft melodies of youthful voices swell and sink in echoing cadences; they mingle with the splash of myriad fountains, rising and falling to the tune set by the invisible choir. The sunlight flashes through the balancing waters, resembling a shower of rainbow brilliants, as they break and settle back into the limpid pools.

Not until the last, dying echos of voices cease; the vision of retreating maidens, hidden within the Temple walls; and only the sweet fragrance of intoxicating odors linger, is the first movement made to arise. Then the great, kneeling mass comes to its feet, and moves away from the hallowed spot. A great army of white-robed worshippers, artistically vested, they scatter through the beautiful city and its environments; each to his own avocation and pleasure. At last, all have disappeared.

The sun climbs higher and grows brighter. Only the two spectators are left, where shortly before a moving multitude of humanity had invoked the great Center of Life, for life! Symbol of the one Sun, one Fire, one Light! The Fire from which is kindled all the lesser fires; the Light from which all other lights are generated; the Sun around which the universal system of suns revolves in awful majesty.

The glance of the Divine Isis, whose potent charm has fascinated the Dreamer, reveals the true mission of the Lordly Messenger, who is turning for her a page of forgotten lore. Her own soul identifies itself with that of the Wanderer, who having travelled laboriously up the Mount of Transmutation, now enjoys, in the Promised Land, the fruit of the seed sown thereby.

The sun hangs high in the vast zenith. The two move nearer the magnificent building which stands apart from the others. A scene of splendor and gorgeousness unveils before them. A tall, white Tower,

resting upon a base of immense diameter, rears itself into the blue ether. It springs from a mass of white alabaster imbedded in the mountain depths, and rises as a celestial verity out of its recesses.

For a moment the limpid sky, clear and blue, until now undisturbed by either offending or defending forces, is shadowed by flecks of clouds, which gather and break away. Ever and anon they cluster in the mammoth canopy. Finally, lifting themselves far into the ether, they melt away in the musical sunshine. The sky, now blue and unclouded, unflecked by a single, lingering shadow gives no suggestion of a coming storm. Like the withdrawing of a veil by a master hand, the dazzling white temple is yet more clearly revealed.

Abnormally excited, every nerve tense, as yet dazed by the recognition of the Divine Isis, as though beholding a vision in a magic mirror, the Dreamer turns to her ever serene guide and says:

“Wouldst thou find a resting place, in the shady palm groves; or amongst the riot of roses offering their petals to every zephyr, in this ancient garden?”

So passing over, opposite the broad Plaza, upon which the inspired throng had stood in the early morning, her companion said:

“Let us rest under the shade of the *Acacia* trees.”

Then, not until then, did the eye and soul of the Dreamer revel in the grandeur of the surroundings. Great mountain peaks, dotted with palaces; builded of the whitest alabaster, the roofs covered with gold and silver against a setting of blue sky, rest majestically on the green plateau. The waters of the harbor stir into deeper and higher waves, as the sun and tide touch them with greater vibration. The magnificent galleys glide over its surface. Coming and going to and from all parts of the world, they are operated not by sail nor steam, but by the quickening power of ele-

mental force. They are governed and guided by the *vrill* power of their potent commanders, whose vessels move always wherever they will. Trains of wagons also move noiselessly and swiftly, upon the land, by the same unseen force, of which the Atlantians are masters.

The air pure and etheric, the eye of the Dreamer grows brighter as the golden aura enwraps her. The freedom and buoyancy of the *entourage* give alertness to her mind. The Atlantis love of liberty fills her nature with the soul of things. Often times, the Dreamer had yearned to fly to the shores of this ideal country. But she had been held, by the lack of preparation and knowledge of the road to be travelled, to reach so unexplored a region. She had often, also, been conscious that she lived on the borderland. But the process of searching and finding the road to the ideal city—OUR ATLANTIS—is oftentimes laborious. But the first entrance into its liberty-loving precincts, is a *never-to-be-forgotten moment*. We have all

had conceptions of Atlantis, the Four Squared City. As quickly as the fire in the furnace of Transmutation be lighted, we are ever on the road thereto. The fierce flames of this fire must ever be fed by that which we most value, so serving as a torch at every angle.

Atlantis! The lost Gem of the Sea! Of which poets have sung; of which masters and sages have made record, stretches before the gaze, in its vastness and huge dimensions. Atlantis, at the height of its glory, accomplishment, and code of social ethics!

In the midst of this ideal and picturesque scene, on a plateau of many acres, is beheld the most magnificent and conspicuous building of the age. The great Temple of Atlantis! Its pylon towers; stately pinnacles; graceful minarets; cloisters; flower-bedecked courts; the crown capped transparent dome, made of such stuff as the Dreamer in her modern life had neither imaged nor conceived. Its secret

chambers, laboratories and furnaces for the transmuting and refining of metals, are underground and entered by those who know, through a chamber behind the Holy of Holies.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Dreamer's Heart glows with a delicious sense of freedom. Filled with passionate enthusiasm, the pictured landscape floats across her misty vision. Leaning back, her light weight sinks more deeply into the bed of restful moss, which embeds the trunk of the Acacia tree. But Memory's soft and ever-immortal wings waft to her, a deeper meaning, a more far-reaching view of this City of the Ancient Days. To the ever quickening interest the view expands, growing broader and more limitless in the infinite distance. There again she beholds upon a broad extensive plateau, close enough to the mountain to be buttressed by its strong arms, the Temple. An ideal and wonderful structure, springing forth in graceful pillars from the rocky foundation. The plateau breaks in foot hills toward the level surface of the sea.

Upon the rows of pillars, rests a ponderous and commodious marble slab, forming the floor of a wide Plaza, of vast dimensions. This immense square, with its surrounding architecture, presents to the Wayfarers a magnificent spectacle. It is approached by steps on two sides, forming an angle. They are of the same alabaster whiteness as the main structure, and guarded by sculptured monoliths and deified heroes. The risers of these graceful steps are inlaid with hieroglyphs of precious metals, and carved heads in bas-relief, welded cunningly together. Around the huge Plaza, arranged in groups and singly, are statues of the muses and the gods. Each portray their own key to Arcane knowledge and wisdom. Some are carved in the perfect chastity of nudity; others in flowing garb, each fold thereof, falling in lines of suggestive idealism and harmony. The seductive whiteness hides the allusive voluptuousness of the hidden form.

Beneath all this, in an open court, flourish flowers of untold variety of foliage and profusion of blossom. A massing of ferns and palms, feathery and stately, nestle closely about the polished white of the walls.

Here, past Memory drifts apace, contrasting the fret and confusion of latter day life with the restful immortality written on this ancient landscape. Here, one has the feeling there is time enough to live one's life, and the soul breathes repose. Here, is no hint of the presence of the Great Reaper, who finally enfolds mortality in his sable arms. Instead, there is a gladness of life and a divine adjustment of ownership and freedom, murmuring in and through the inarticulate charm of oneness.

From the mossy, resting place, under the boughs of the Acacia tree, looking toward the Temple, the soul is filled with awe. Nor is the ravishing beauty lessened, by the cleanliness and purity of the structure. Springing forth from its mountain

setting as pure as Venus rising from the Sea, it assumes the grandeur of a soul dropping from off itself the trappings of the flesh. The massed and glittering sunlight lends untold fascination to the magic vision.

The center and either end of the Plaza are crowned with arches. The central one is of immense proportions. Words dwarf into pallid nothingness in an attempt to describe it. It rests upon columns of gigantic hugeness, each capped by the curled petals of the Lotus. It is covered with bas-relief. Inlayings of precious metals glare forth in their gorgeousness, as the sun mounts higher and higher to its meridian height, thus casting its beams more and more directly upon the noble portal.

The swift-winged hours glide by, only too swiftly. Each moment is wrought with a subtle spell of enchantment and glamor. The jarring and smallness of personality fades away, and is lost in a sublime and reposeful activity.

Again, the whisperings of Divine Memory fall softly upon the inner sense, saying:

“Lo, my Beloved, the Temple thou beholdest is, as near as human thought could build, a fit symbol of the Temple of the Living God, the perfection of the One.”

“But” murmurs the Dreamer: “Why is it that everywhere there are altars and pylons built for, and crowned with sculptured Gods?”

“Oh, my Beloved, those who rule in this fair city, the City of the Gods, acknowledge the One; the One-Potent; the One-Present; the One-All-Knowing. The imagery thou beholdest is but the expression of the One-Being in ITS various attributes and capacities. The Unity, Eternity and Infinity of the Deity, are each recognized by the expressed features of the Gods. Each bear the emblematical significance of his or her own particular stewardship in the government of the Universe. Understand thou, the doctrine of a plurality of Gods is not taught here, but rather the ethics of attain-

ment and co-operation, through the different relative forces in one God. With the knowledge of the Oneness of the One, and that the One is for all and the All is One, this city has reached perfection of government and perfect physical development. In physique the Atlantians are models, which any sculptor might be proud to copy. They possess also, intellectual vigor combined with the highest spiritual poise, thus, enabling them to grasp the secrets of Nature's Law, demonstrating the glory of possibilities, which crown the apex of the social Pyramid. This apex has been reached by the nation. They stand, yesterday, today and forever the greatest nation upon earth."

Continuing, he said: "All social problems lay in the conquest over the Natural and personal man. It is the continual protest over the Natural Law. Rising into the world of love and self-consciousness, we rise into a world of freedom and equality. A great teacher has said: 'Man is a com-

posite being. In him is the angelic and the animal. The spiritual training of life means no more, than the subjugation of the animal; and the setting free of the angelic.'

"There is a great and wonderful epitome founded upon having, and holding in our possession, the key that unlocks all doors, and the knowledge of how to use and handle it. That key, is Love. He who loves lives; he who loves not, is dead; he who loves himself alone, lives in hell, because centering all the essence of existence upon his own body, he burns and shrivels under the intolerant intensity of its force. He who loves others, lives in Heaven, because the desire to love and bring good, reacts and compels harmony."

CHAPTER VII.

THE symphonic eulogy ceased.

With its closing sound, the young priest who had borne the Chalice of Never-dying Fire, in the morning service, appeared, bowing low, saying: "Behold, I come a messenger to thee from the Divine Isis. The noon hour approaches. She would have me bring thee to the Chamber of the Holy of Holies, that thou mayst, as in the past, witness the most solemn noon-day service. It is held in honor of Osiris, the great God of all the Gods. Thou, oh Dreamer, touched by Memory's wand, wilt remember that the god Osiris is the God of Righteousness, the Father of all the Gods. The Eye of Ra! The contemplation of him is the opening of the gate that swings wide for those, who amidst the glare of mid-day travel, can look unflinchingly through it; catching glimpses of the jasper walls, and pearly gates of the

City of Peace. Wilt thou follow me? Come!"

Rising with alacrity, the two follow the guide through long rows of palm trees; through thickets of roses laden with color and perfume; through avenues of sculptured sphinxes, carved of whitest marble. Every turn suggests the mastery of the highest art. After a walk of many windings, they come under the shade of long-armed trees. Through a labyrinth of circular streets, carefully sanded with snowy dust, glittering like diamond powder, slowly they approach the steps leading to the Plaza. Cool fountains and langorous lagoons, girdle green plats, like fillets of molten silver, lending their aid in tempering the heat of the tropical noonday.

The magnificent beauty of the entrance which the Dreamer is soon to pass under, arrests her attention. It is then her soul cries out in its silent, ceaseless longing for completeness. Impressed and moved, to the depths of her being, glowing fervently

with desire, she seeks to climb, not only to the highest pinnacle crowning the Great Temple, but also to reach the highest goal of spiritual liberation. The spirit thus quickened, carries her swiftly and unconsciously to the topmost step leading up to the Plaza.

There she pauses, in silent and sublime attention. Suddenly, a crystal ball shoots up, far above the highest pinnacle of the Temple. It glitters almost as brightly as the sun itself. In mid-air, it hangs suspended, long enough for every soul, far and near, to turn toward the god-like symbol, type of the Good—messenger of Day, now at the zenith of its glory.

The spirit of the hour, struck the key note of the diatonic scale. The full octave of spiritual harmonics chimes forth. Color blending in rhythmic harmony with tone, reveals and chants the music of the sunshine. No discordant note disturbs the unspoken, wordless chant. The luminous ball fades gradually from sight. Then

stepping hastily across the broad, square Plaza, the Dreamer finds herself under the Grand Arch. Standing thus, under its capacious shelter, its width, height and breadth inspire her with a feeling, that it had dropped in its majestic entirety from the limitless Beyond. The stupendous, motionless columns arrayed with stately pomp in long lines of colonnade narrowing in the distance, finally fade in the dim and endless colossi.

Moving onward they pass another arch of lesser proportions, but more gorgeous in detail. Here the workmanship upon the columns, shows the touch of artist hands, whose colors are vivid and never-fading. The same elaborate carving, the same overlaying of precious metals, is shown here as upon the larger and preceding arches.

On, and farther on, in the dim, cathedral light of numberless tapers; through vaporous fragrance ascending from the fire of many altars; until reaching five steps, they rest under a still smaller arch, yet

more resplendent in jewels and precious stones. Upon its upper curve the Winged Globe, outlined and inlaid with gems of rarest beauty, eternally spreads its wings as if for flight.

Here the priestly guide steps forward, laying his hands upon those of the Dreamer exclaiming :

“Hold, oh, Dreamer from the Earth plane! Thou standest at an entrance leading into the Chamber of the Holy of Holies. Pause and reflect, that entering in thereto transforms on the instant. It remains forever the experience of all time and becomes the wisdom of the Ages. Observe for thyself, remember as the instruction of measureless years; the shape of half-ellipse; the flanges resting on the out-stretched wings of the Four Great Angels. As one of the instructed thou knowest, this entrance must have the purest setting; the richest coloring; a perfect form and complete protection. *Enter thou in!*”

CHAPTER VIII.

SILENTLY, the three cross the threshold, into the inner chamber. Out of the dim twilight of the interior, three altars appeal as entities to the Dreamer's intuition, as well as to her outer consciousness. Because she is one of the instructed of the past Ages, she perceives how the aura from those chosen from the best and purest, serving for countless centuries, have permeated with vitality, even the precious jade of which they are builded. This wonderful triad of Fire, Life and Existence—the Sacred Logos, symbolizes the Creative Life force in differing manifestation. It is the Fire of Osiris, Isis and Horus! Osiris, at the apex of the pyramid, represents the I—the WILL, the Supreme and Eternal—ONE—ALL.

Isis, the Divine, Creative Idea—the Celestial Mother! In her chalice is held the germ of Life, ready to spring into being

at the touch of the active energy of the voice of the Creative WILL. Osiris—the Sun—the Father floods with his divine aroma and love, the sweet, warm covering ever constituting the strength of the Holy Isis—Mother.

This conjunction of forces touches into life, the child Horus. Expression and type of mankind—humanity—the re-born—re-generated—renewal, which hangs on the horizon of Eternal Day, as deathless Hope.

The three altars are wrought as one by a chain of pure gold. A jewel, blazing with its own innate luster, symbol of the sleepless Eye of Ra, swings suspended over the center of the triune altars. It is quickened into undying life, by the power that works in it. Unseen support holds the gem centered in mid-air. No sign of its presence is visible, save, at the hour of concentration, or when the whole nation is acting under a single impulse of Omnipotent power. It is visible or invisible, in the ratio of unfoldment of the beholder. As the Dreamer

draws near, the gem blazes out fiercely. It floods the chamber with prismatic light, as reacting effulgence is generated within the lesser fire of the altars; it tints the clouds of pungent incense with brilliant rays.

In solemn silence they drop upon their knees. Like unto the with-drawing of a cloud from the face of the Sun, so the Dreamer's soul senses but one Light. This Light flickers and burns in every crevice, and is all the same Light. In heaven, under the heaven, in the earth, under the earth; no matter whether dimly burning in a remote corner of the world, or flashing from the Gate of Heaven—the Eye of Ra—the Light of Life is always the same blessed Light.

The hour ends. They slowly leave the supreme and all-pervading quiet. Attracted by a low symphony of music as sweet, tremulous and restful, as the morning music had been entrancing, they wander toward one of the inner courts.

Stepping out into the beautiful bower of

roses, richness of life; sacred fellowship of Nature's loveliness! Lo! High in the heavens midway between the horizon and the meridian sun, a crimson cross rests blazoned against the blue sky. The voice of Memory, once more sounds as clearly vibrant, as the whisperings of the far-off angels:

“This Sign in the Heavens is as old as Atlantis. It is the seal of a covenant between the people and the Gods. If it lay high in the heavens as though absorbed in the sun, it brings prosperity. It has so risen for uncounted æons. But to-day, lo, behold! It rests low in the horizon, blood red, portending evil to the nation. They, the people will gaze breathlessly and aghast, as they look upon it. But their consternation will last but for a moment. Their faith in the powers, make it impossible to throw over them the pall of threatening evil. The Atlantians have always been foremost. Their souls poised beyond the bribery of gold, above the price of

success, they even now plan to wrest from the Almighty One, the mystery of Creative Power, acting under the subtley of Love and Nature.

They would even know the secret vibration that brings forth the flower, the blade of grass; yea, they would question of that which animates the animal into life; and clothes the soul in physical manifestation. With the absolute knowledge of certain failure looming up before the soul's unflinching vision, yet, still, they dare failure to reach the highest. They may, perchance, advance one step nearer the ALL-Power of the Great White Throne."

Noting the words of her mentor, she observes that little attention is paid to the ominous sign which for a moment, lay low in the heavens. Contented and with rallying confidence, the people hie themselves to their homes and siestas, to prepare for, and await the closing scenes of the Festival.

The Dreamer becomes more and more possessed with wonder, that she has never

before visited this restful city. Now that she is here, a feeling of home and heritage is hers. The true reason for the journey—the underlying cause, spreads before her like a broadening landscape; *in finding Isis she has found herself!*

Following her fair and beautiful guide; journeying hither and yon, through the labyrinthine streets and thoroughfares, he draws her attention to the perfect symetry of form and equal proportions of both man and woman. Rapt in her own thoughts, soliloquizing, she says:

“There seems to be no differentiation of sex in this beautiful city of Atlantis?”

“Why should there be? Is not the soul, the I AM? Are we not equal parts of the whole, before the throne of the Infinite? Without question, each human soul comes from the Divine unity a cosmic entirety. No distinction is made in the innate value. It is an intense satisfaction to know that it is woman’s attracting power and man’s desire to possess the attraction, coupled

with his own forceful wish to rule his possession, that has besmirched and debased the woman of your day. All the way down, through generation after generation, woman's kind thoughtfulness has yielded to the masculine element, hence lost hold of the helm, while man has gained in dominance. That which exists in your life of to-day, is but an individualization of conditions. Know ye, that duality is the necessity of manifestation; sex is but the symbol of duality. Here, in this ideal country, upon whose borderland you stand, there is no law of ownership."

"Yes," meditatively she replies, "Woman has not only been dwarfed in body, but her mental aspirations have been caged with bonds forged of steel."

"But ah, Woman. Listen, while I tell thee! Behold the cycle moves upward sweeping forward under the light of Inspiration. The flaming glory of newly discovered truth melts into a metal more fusible, the chains which bind thee.

Links becoming more flexible, will be worn with the infinite grace of God's own child. So shall ye claim your birth-right!"

The young priest, quietly smiling, said in answer to her soliloquy:

"This manifestation and expression of principle is the corner-stone upon which the Temple is builded."

CHAPTER IX.

HOUR follows hour, time passes only too quickly. The shadows lengthen. Once more the city overflows with life and happiness. The broad avenues leading to the Plaza are thronged. A continuous stream of life flows from all directions. Thousands pass under the magnificent arch of reception, into the audience chamber; as many more claim place upon the broad Plaza.

The Dreamer has been told in the many hours of conversation, during the day now ending, that the evening song and the closing pageantry, is without question the most impassioned service of the day. All other ceremony sinks into insignificance beside it. Just as the lower edge of the sun dips into the horizon, a host of voices, led by a choir from the porches and piazzas of the Temple burst into a volume of song as glorious as the celestial choir resounding from the walls of Paradise.

The sound of voices reverberates in quieting sweetness; the enchantment of the dying day lingers in the softest stillness, throwing its last brilliant tints against and into a billow of clouds—veiled suggestion of the Sublime Beyond. The lining of rich crimson, gold and dark purple, is a fitting symbol of the curtain that swayed, opened and closed, before the Shrine of the Bungalow. It speaks of the untold treasure held in enchanted abeyance, for those who can sound the key-note of the mystic cry, that recognizes no denial. A few, heavier clouds hang fatefully over the peaks of the Three Great Mountains, in shifting masses of ominous gray. But the people are too absorbed to observe the fateful shifting of that which seems afar off.

The White Temple gleams. The golden roof glitters as never before. Its vastness stands out from its colossal foundation, as an emblem of the Eternities—a symbol of the Infinite.

The evening breeze tempered by the

Sun's long journey, from horizon to horizon, sings its last weird requiem through the massed foliage of shining leaves, blending nocturnal notes with the glad voices of the magnificent choir. Stygian shadows steal gradually over the solemn pageantry. More and more grandly, strains of music sweep through the sentient, psychic air; thrill within the Temple and pulsate an eternal inspiration, in the heart of the country.

Music is God's chosen Muse. The Atlantians, in their protest against Nature's limitations, also chose the Muse of the Gods, as a step toward the higher morality leading to spiritualized mentality. Thence passing through the Gate of the King's Highway, leading to Liberty and Love. The choice of Liberty and Morality, or License and Immorality was laid at their feet. The one the fulfilling, the other, the abuse of a law. They chose the former. Each soul developed as does the flower. It sows its own seed, plants its own roots, per-

chance in the most noisome beds of earth. But as each self-pattern drops away, the soul rises into higher consciousness, through a long procession of experiences; through soil enriched by their own joys and sorrows. Each as it grows into the light toward Heaven's Kingdom, wears its individualized Crown of Existence. All thus enlisted under the same banner of Liberty, one for All and all for One, can hear the vibrating notes of Nature's chords, touched into harmony by the unseen hand of the Most High.

As the last rays of the sun fall upon the Temple; upon the palms; upon the garden of roses; with profound significance the notes of the Divine Harper are heard, as an underlying melody of the more earthly music.

From the outer edge of the assemblage, afar off, behold, approaching a chorus of priests. Robed in vestures of gold, purple and crimson; grouped in threes; with swaying bodies and uplifted heads they step

quickly and gravely to the refrain of the music. Following, comes a train of boys clothed as with raiment of the angel host; blue, white and rose color; transparent and clinging; embroidered with gold and silver threads, cut and woven by the seraphic powers. Some have fashioned around the head nimbus of gold and silver, upon which the flickering rays of the sun dance nymph-like; and toy with, the vibrant colors of the air for the last time. Those who were not thus crowned, have wreaths of myrtle and flowers twisted in and out of their long curling tresses. All bear in their hands, and play upon an ancient musical instrument. Some carry lutes, zithers and cymbals; others sound the glad-hallelujah from silver embossed trumpets, just kissing youthful and coral lips. Interspersed, are those chosen to lift aloft the sacred lamps of precious metal, while others swing the brazen censers of smoking, perfumed fragrance.

Brilliant as Paradise, magnificent be-

yond compare in material *ensemble*, so is this procession as serenely sublime in potent dignity, and graceful contour of combined youth and manhood. A continuous garland of ivy, roses and jasmine winds in and out, as with wonderful majesty, they moved through the fraternal congregation. The sound of song and cymbal, castanet and timbrel, in all possible variations and keys constitute the atmosphere.

The two companions no longer linger with the crowd. But from the vantage ground of the morning, the Dreamer and Memory view the splendor of the scene. The boyish acolyte has made obeisance and gone to attend his duties in the solemn service.

CHAPTER X.

THE power of music is redemptive. Did not Orpheus of old charm all things, by touching the strings of his golden harp? Has he not become something more than an ancient and mythical oracle? He has not only assumed the form of a Redeemer, a master-mind, but a potent factor in the soul's enrichment. One of the potential attributes of the soul is its growth toward the Ideal, the Immaculate Conception—perfection absolute. All Nature, with Orpheus as her leader, although playing upon the different notes of vibration, measures the same sonorous and dulcet note. The Organ of Eternal Harmonics—the Orchestra of Celestial Angels heralded the same hymn of the ages, when, the mighty chant—"Let there be"—moved upon the soul of the water, and has ever resounded in glorified intonations since the beginning of days.

The choristers encircle the altar eleven times. Then at the beginning of the twelfth circuit, the sonorous notes change to a low, weirdly impassioned chant. The effect of this change is marvellous and startling. The harmonies and vibration pulsate with an influence uniting, cementing, thrilling and swaying the whole vast audience, as a single, masterful and exultant soul; no longer imprisoned, but rising higher and still higher, until each unit is transfigured by the mighty impulse of song.

In the smooth, old Aramaic tongue, choir answers choir. The beatific litany grows more and more impressive. With rhythmic movement of the body, they sing their farewell hymn to the Sun, thus:

Oh, Thou Sun, symbol of strength !

Osiris, Thou symbol of Purity and Light !

Oh, Ra, who art, was and ever shall be !

Eye of Ra, always knowing, seeing and never sleeping, we
hail thee !

Thou mighty One ! Omniscient !

Oh, thou Moon, emblem of Purity, Light and Strength,
Queen of Knowledge !

Oh, Isis, Mistress of all that makes man happy,
Queen of Desire !

Thou, who standest for the Love of Mankind,
Through the Love of the Gods

We worship Thee ! We adore Thee !

Oh, Thou Horus ! Born out of the Unseen and Unknown,
Full of life, strength and beauty !

Thou dost embrace within thyself, the Omnipotence of Ra,
The Omniscience of all Knowledge,
The Omnipresence of Infinite Nature !

We glorify Thee ! We bow before Thee !
Thou art the Hope of all that thou dost express !

Oh, Thou mighty Three ! Three in One,
Looking into the face of the Infinite,
We behold Thou art the beginning of days,
And lo, Thou art also the end of Time !

Above all, Thou art the Triune ! Superb and Supreme,
Re-creating, renewing, generating and regenerating,
Throughout all the Æons of Time !

We bow in Thy Presence ! We love Thee !
We bind ourselves to Thee as the earth is bound to the Sun !

Every note of this passionate ode to the Sun is heard with perfect distinctness, by each soul in the whole, immense audience. The quality of the rendition was such, that it seemed to pour from the celestial Dome. Through the wisdom of the Three, aided by the mighty magians of the Temple, the all-pervading akasa resting over the multitude,

so thickened, that as from a concave mirror the sound reflected to the very outermost fringe of the great crowd. This condensation of ether must be only for the occasion. When the singing ceases, the mirror of sound fades into the vastness of its original condition. This product of potency is thus used whenever the vast hosts assemble themselves on the Temple Plaza; whether to listen to the outbursts of choral sound, or to the musical voice of the High Priest, as he teaches them of that which most intimately concerns their welfare, in the now and the hereafter.

While this transpires under the blue dome of the eternal sky; within the spacious audience room of the Temple proper, another band of choristers form themselves in front of the dais, before the Holy of Holies. At a given signal they burst into a full volume of recitative. Thus leading the grand choir of thousands of voices which pours forth from all the avenues, and resound from the great, arched roof in an overpow-

ering, all-embracing flood of song. From the roof and walls of the Temple, arranged on porch and portico, musicians are also massed in an orchestra, that can be led by no other baton than the immortal Orpheus.

Upon the dais itself, an altar is placed, fashioned of fine gold. This, used as a necessary adjunct to the ordinary routine of the Temple service, is more gorgeous and magnificent than anything ever before or since used for a similar purpose. Upon the altar rests a golden censer, and behind it is the High Priest Osiris, vested in the priestly robes of his office. A white silk, tight fitting cassock encases his well proportioned body, the front embroidered in glittering symbols wrought of thread spun of finest gold. Over this, a garment the sheeny folds of which, shimmering in waves of iridescent colors, seem, in their silky luster, like masses of foam ever in protean dalliance with the light. In the front, a breast plate attached to the shoulders by arm plates, holds within its twelve

divisions, twelve different jewels whose properties govern the months. Their size and beauty make them perceptible from the very outskirts of the throng, now waiting to hear the inspiration to be transmitted through him, by the action of the gems. This sacred vestment is one of the most helpful of all conditions belonging to the dress or office of High Priest—the masterpiece of the Three.

CHAPTER XI.

THE censer resting upon the altar, is fashioned after the pattern of three intertwined fish. Serpent shaped loops serve for handles. The whole, of solid gold, wrought upon five dragon's claws, is beautiful and unique. Its symbology holds much truth and wisdom.

The Fish is the emblem of the first unfoldment of manifestation from water, the Father of the Elements. It is the primal condensation of matter out of the restless chaos of water. It also typifies the beginning of each microcosmic year; when, in the language of the Ancient Fathers, the Sun was re-born, and cradled in Pices. The type of the macrocosmic year must then also be Pices, where the Sun in its pristine youth, obeying the command: "Let there be" started on its first grand journey through the heavens.

Within the infolding of the tumultuous

strains of music, every heart throbbing, pulsating and fervid, quivers with the entrancement of the moment.

Now, a voice, soft, well modulated, melodious and far-reaching is clearly heard above it all, like the still, small voice saying: "Here Am I." Since the sound of the first note of the silver-toned trumpet had called the priests to their places, the Dreamer had been entranced by the overpowering splendor of the Kaleidescopic view—a panorama always changing, yet never changed; active, yet ever restful. As the tones of that voice floated across the sea of humanity and reached her inner ear, a shiver swept through her soul, like the re-touching and awakening of an old heart-song. Where had she seen this same pose and form? Where, hitherto, had the voice trilled her to the depths of her being? In answer to these silent interrogations, a scene of a far-off mountain top, crowned by a low-thatched Bungalow, floated before her. A low cry, burst from her lips, a cry of

recognition, after long æons of silence. Oh, the joy of finding that which is loved, and has been lost in the rubbish of the Temple, for lo, these many lives. It is the voice of the great High Priest Osiris that she hears. With bated breath, she murmurs:

“It is the voice of him, who, a Waiting soul, at the door of the Bungalow tarried as a tower of strength, with refreshing words, for her, the Isis, who had wandered afar looking for recognition. As he then stood there, so stands he now, towering and alone, lifting by his conscious presence and beneficence his people, and his nation.”

Her face beams. Her body grows more facile to the invisible forces about her, drawing her further away, and higher up from the garish earth. But her sight is not dimmed, neither have the pictured reality and the sounds of music decreased. Memory's robe becomes more rose-tinted, more and more vitally alive.

With the love and sympathy of an old

and valued friend he answers her spoken thought:

“Behold, the awakening of the higher consciousness of each soul is but needed, in order to come into perfect cognizance of unity, of all that it can remember and perceive of the parting at the gates of Paradise: Thou art but learning to know thyself, Oh Dreamer!”

The High Priest looking up with grave and reverend face, lifts the censer, intoning in solemn ecstasy the invocation to the setting Sun:

“O——h, Ra! O——h, Ra! O——h, Ra!

“O——h, Thot! O——h, Thot! O——h, Thot!

“O——h, Isis! O——h, Isis! O——h, Isis!

“OM! O——m! O——m! O——m!
O——m! O———M!

Lo, See! At the last word there leaps forth a sword of flaming fire from the burning coals of the censer. As if in answer to the appeal, every crevice of the Temple inside and out, is illuminated. The walls

already shining with rare gems, glitter with varying color and rainbow brilliancy. The gold and silver sanctuaries; the alabaster altars inlaid with finest amber and gems from all parts of the world, gleam and glisten in the pure, white light; the golden roof of the stately colonnades, the pillars and arches, melt into a grand and harmonious spectacle. The faces of the people shine as under the brightness of the sun. The light comes not from the sword, but as if it were a magnet drawing the innate, from everything within the radius of its attractive power.

The Dreamer is more and more enraptured.

While this light spreads itself over the surroundings, a slight movement among the white-robed vestals, and from their midst, steps forth the wise and beautiful Isis. Clothed in a transparent, rose-colored garment, she drew to herself the shining rays of the Light, so brilliantly that the suggestion of a sunbeam fragment still lingers

upon her. The garment girdled at the waist with a golden belt of filagree work, falls in soft folds from throat to feet. Simple but magnificent, it carries wisdom in its folds. A wreath of Lotus blossom crowns her. From a long-necked, bronze pitcher, which she lifts high above her head, she pours upon the altar-flame, sweet spice, myrrh, frankincense and sweet-smelling balsam. At this supreme moment, she who is leader of the singing virgins and maidens waves her baton, and the mighty anthem rings out, solemnly and quieting:

“Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Gods!

Holy! Holy! Holy! Be thy Works!”

Behold! The vapor rises higher and higher, higher and higher yet; spreading and rising from earth to heaven. It floats out over the swaying multitude. It gathers sunset hues from the Universal Incense. Gradually it clears, until upon the pure, white ether, trembles in space, in golden letters, as if creeping from out the folds of

eternity, the words: "*I AM RA.*" The overwrought and faithful followers, whose ancestors have stood in the same hallowed spot for uncounted centuries, filled with the feeling of the redemptive power for the ONE, are thrilled and spell-bound as the Logos glows in splendor above them.

Gently and by degrees, the vision fades from the magic air. The sacred words linger in the hearts of the sensitive ones only as luminous glimpses of what has been.

The High Priest gave his last words of admonition to the listening masses. Like the effortless sound of a celestial water-course, his voice rose and fell in pelucid rythm upon their massed strength. Lifting his hands high, he also gave the benediction and the ancient Amens. The words of power were accompanied solely by the low, seductive music which had continued uninterrupted throughout the whole service. At the last, the multitude broke forth in one sublime volume of the "Gloria in

Excelsis," led by the chords of an invisible organ, played upon by unseen forces.

So closed the most ancient and magnificent, of all ancient ceremonies.

The majority of the people lingered in and about the Temple until low twelve.

The consciousness of the shifting of scenes is inborne into the Dreamer's soul. Upborne in the spaces of the etheric world, she commences her return journey thitherward on the uplift of the closing cycle. She once more yields herself to the awful sublimity of Memory's last reproduction.

CHAPTER XII.

ALONE watcher, looking seaward, scans the lower edge of the horizon, now slowly brightening, until a light like a far off star appears, heralding the coming of a greater messenger. The restless waters cease their tossing and moaning. The waves no longer break against the gray-white of the Circular City. The zephers seem motionless. Nature waits in silent repose the lifting of the curtain which is to reveal the rising of the Messenger and Ruler of Night—the Queen of awakening Perception, and of Creative Thought.

The restful coolness of the shadowy light stimulates both mind and body. The band in the East slowly broadens, the misty vapor breaks away. No drop curtain hides from the vision, the shimmering light shed from the great spectacular scene laying at the feet of the potent Isis. For it is she,

the Isis of the Temple, the Wandering Soul of the Dreamer, who watches thus, from a colonnade above the Plaza; swung out from the walls of the Temple as a broad shelf of white trellis work. So light and airy is the effect of it that only the angel host might rest their etherial weight upon its graceful balustrade. The builders of the Temple knew this would be the rendezvous and promenade of the High Priests and the vestals of the Temple, in the hours of relaxation and restful silence.

The midnight moon rises higher and higher, casting her mellow light in a trackless path across the vast expanse of water guarding the boundaries of the great city. As she rises still more boldly toward the zenith, the silvery light forms a pyramid, the planet itself, the apex. Man as the center pole, the earth the foundation, upon which rests the base of the broadening triangle. The firmament of the everlasting Thought divides the waters. Thus, is continually symbolized the Creative

Thought, shedding its white light upon the earth.

The shadows grow deeper. Their duskiness throws a veil of silvery sheen over the White Building, that in bas relief stands out against the bedecked vault of heaven.

The night is balmy, bewitching the senses as only the witchery of a tropical night, with its intensity of lights and shades can do.

In no other country, is the effect of the moonlight so magical as within the belt of the Equator. Everything far and near is visibly defined; shadows and light fall alike. The Temple of white alabaster glows as if lighted by the rays of the sun. The graceful colonnades are touched with the glinting hues as of electricity, which delay not, but glide up, up, up, until it twines itself in and out of the lily-crowned pediment. Neither is the color of the flower changed. The stately palm has lost none of its lacey contour, nor the richness of its velvety green. The smooth, dustless

streets glitter in the moon-tinted whiteness. Like a band of ribbon they wind in and about the tropical-flowered gardens which adorn the broad plateau. Borders of palms and ferns mirror themselves in the depths of the lagoon. Now and then, a picturesque boat laden with belated sight-seers glides swiftly from under the bridges which join one garden to the other.

It is the night of the last day of the great Atlantian Feast. The city sleeps. The great throng of people rest.

The midnight sky is white and pale. The beautiful city is wrapt in ghostlike stillness. Silence floods and baptizes the people, the city and the moon-glistened bay. It permeates with ominous foreboding the entire land. The starry chimes and angelic choir thrill with sonorous voice the midnight air, and silently chords with the tone of its own majestic anthem.

As Isis watches in the utter stillness, the vibrant ether trembles upon her psychic sense. From far over-head, there gathers

into vision a group of celestial guardians of the Temple, at first faint, then growing more and more plainly defined they advance nearer and nearer to her. She sees this without a turn of the head or the slightest shifting of attitude. They come nearer, and finally, are so near, she can distinguish their whispered words. They gather as thickly and closely about her, as when they surrounded and guarded, the Bungalow. In the soft, musical accents of the secret language of the Three, they whisper of coming events of which Isis has had cognizance. The whisper floating out on the silent air, sinks deeply into her heart and confirms that of which she is already sure. The host lingers but a moment. In a semi-circle resting in mid-air, their faces radiant with the great ocean of light, they voice the invocation:

“Oh, Holy Night, mantle the Universe with Thy dark garment; rest oh, people, in the sublime darkness of its shadow! Oh, Sovereign Queen, protect and cover the whole

race with thy tender and cooling wings!
Oh, Light of Night, fill them as an urn
overflowing with blessings, until they are
akin to the stars!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THROUGH an archway, partly curtained by rich draperies, can be seen the interior of a spacious apartment. The room is dimly lighted by the mellow radiance of perfumed tapers, which always burn herein. The floor is of mosaic marble, faintly tinted with rose hues. Upon this rare carpet deftly inlaid with precious metals, figures of graceful naiads grow more and more intense as one gazes upon their polish, until they almost glow into life. In the center of the room, a fountain constantly plays around a group of dolphins, cooling the atmosphere. The sweet chorus of its tiny water-notes gently splash an ever-changing refrain, which swells and lessens on the air, as they sing in gleeful gladness the wonderful song of spiritual freedom.

A shelving running entirely around the room holds in graceful order, statues, long

necked bronzes, silver and gold pitchers, vases and ornate objects of the rarest value. These have been brought from ports of many countries, for the special adornment of this room. The shelving forms a frieze around the wall. Suspended from this, silken draperies and tapestries cover the walls, falling from ceiling to floor.

Glancing at the exquisite beauty of detail in the rare interior; the blending of ivory, gold and orientalism is entrancing. Becoming accustomed to the form of the room there is noticed an absence of all harsh corners and abrupt lines. Thus is shown, how the brusqueness of physical life may fade into the harmonies of the spiritual. The room is a complete oval; longer in one diameter than the other. It so rests upon the floor, as if one side had been planed away. The height, by an unknown combination of dimensions, as also from the finishing of the room, gives the appearance of a greater altitude than it really possesses. The curved ceiling with

its *lapis lazula* tints, seems like a bit of the blue dome of heaven. Couches and ottomans fill the oval sides, leaving the center bare, cool and restful. This unbounded luxuriance of color and warmth suggest and typify Nature's presence, in the first flush of perfected expression.

The ego, largely responsible for its own environment, has the privilege given it to draw unto itself the perfect things of earth, in proportion to its own perfecting and faithfulness. The thought forces reaching out along the lines of spiritual attainment, open the germ cells of the physical brain, which vibrate with latent potentiality in every function of the body. It only awaits the impact of Universal Thought energy to kindle into expression the spark, which becomes the immortal soul of the spiritualized atom. Thus man waits, and opens the door for further spiritualization. At the same time he gathers for himself, for both his body and soul, the consciousness of existence. This power, manipulated by the

God within, lifts the veil of physical contact, and reveals unto himself and others, the presence of Potency in every act and detail of earth life.

This potency is a symbol of accomplishment, along the path leading into the possession of such luxuries. It is not the possession which weights the ego to earthly conditions. The evil comes, when the ego is made unhappy by the lack of them. That which hurts, is the concession by the Higher Self, to the illusiveness of need. It is this, which seems to beggar one's soul. The ego can be so polarized, that neither possession nor non-possession can swerve it from its steady on-moving persistence.

It is a God-given privilege to enjoy belongings that come into the life, from the very force and potency of the lines upon which the life is builded.

The whitening moon lights the colonnade upon which the watcher stands. It casts its beams aslant, into this ideal apartment, which is suggestive of the wisdom

and the whiteness, and presence of her who is its occupant. Its luminous light, its oval form, its harmony of color, hint at the possibilities of a soul which has been colored on one side, by all the pamperings; and on the other by all the obstructions of earth life. It has thereby, grown weary of the illusiveness of tangible possessions—a soul illumined through overcoming, by the life that descended from above, not up from the earth. When so illumined, the personality rises and merges into the individuality. The soul is thus enabled to stoop and help those who are still struggling for liberation, along the same path. We are all rays from the great eye of Ra! It is only by differentiation of mentality, that lives are made incongruous. Some have well adjusted habitations, not of material splendor alone, but such homes as suggest that home is a dwelling place of the heart as well as the soul. There, the Mother Life is the Home Queen!

Thus she, the High Priestess of the

Temple, Isis, the Vestal of the Sacred Fire stands leaning against a marble Venus of one of the caryatides. Looking seaward, she is pondering over the events of the few past days and of the on-coming ones. A woman of strong, lithe proportions; above the medium height; but carrying by symmetry of outline an impression of greater statue. Her face perfect in contour, is as fair and smooth, as if carved from the same stuff as the inert form which now supports her supple physique. From this face, the still power shines, giving the impress of reserve potency and energy, that can come but from the Gods alone. The curved lips bespeak her artistic nature; her dark eyes veiling imperious fires; which, when the lids lift, flash forth fresh inspiration. Her reddish bronze hair, falls in long braids and blends in tint with her flame-colored peplus.

She has thrown aside the outer veil and mantle of the altar service, and lo, once more the Wanderer of the Ages! Who, seeking through all the lives has strength-

ened the bond of soul and spirit, by the putting aside of no offered duty; the refusing of no burden that should have been borne!

Thus, she wistfully gazes. She courts the kisses of the breeze, wafting westward from the great, soft seas. Her robes, toyed with by the zephyrs, give forth a soft effect, as a bed of coals, scintillates into little flames and flashes of firelight. This effect is created by the shimmering of a flame-colored robe worn under a peplus of sheeny tissues. Every motion reveals flashes and glints of the masked color beneath, as if her body was formed of the Fire which she symbolizes, worships and serves. She wears but a single ornament. A necklace of amethysts and opals, fastened snugly about her shapely throat, clasped by a blood red ruby, as rich in color as a drop of her own pure blood. It trembles and vibrates under the influence of the forces, like the pulsating heart of a great nation. Her bared arms and shoulders, are as exquisite in propor-

tion, as those of the marble Venus against which she rests. The rich ivory of her skin contrasts strongly with the cold white of the marble. Her brow is thoughtful; the disquieted depths of her golden brown eyes, sweep the broad expanse, until they take in the whole beauty of the scene; then rest for a moment, upon the shining waters; again far out to the Southwest, they are conscious of the fires from the never dying furnaces, even now burning and glowing as fiercely as a freshly kindled Inferno.

The scene is one of quiet and silence.

The fishing smacks and galleys rest in apathetic durance, after the day's activity. The waters are as unruffled as though they had never perchance, madly tossed the same crafts beyond the anchorage of their own safe harbor. All the outer world rests in fancied peace and security.

But Isis, she, who was born of a race of sibyls, knows a woeful tragedy hangs ominously over her beloved city. She is not permitted to part the veil that hides the

swiftly on-coming from the now. But as a messenger from the Gods, her last warning has been given, and was unheeded. And now, as she looks down upon the white tents with their sleeping occupants, her heart thrills and vibrates in unison with her doomed nation. Her soul swells in anguish; and the blood red ruby pulsates in rhythmic oneness with her own vibratory action. Throbbing the underlying refrain of the mournful cadence of Him, who centuries later moaned: "Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! How often would I have gathered thee, as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE moon, in all the dignity of her celestial rights, has reached the zenith. The starry satellites, in attendance upon their Queen, glorify the Temple, the city and courts, in the light shed from their midnight luster. Isis stands in the direct ray of the heavenly, crystal flood. The air is weighted with the perfume of myriad blossoms. She listens for a voice, with the wafting of every breeze.

But, hark! Breaking the stillness of the hour, far away through the arches of the long colonnade, is heard the faint, firm tread of some one approaching. Nearer and nearer; steadily and more firmly they echo along the vast galleries. They move as evenly and regularly, as events march down the corridors of time, marking off minutes and seconds by the heart beats of a people. Nearer and nearer still, they approach her, who is now the Waiting One!

At the sound of the soft, familiar footstep, her heart throbs less mournfully. The great weight, and measureless yearning for her nation falls from her. She feels less lonely. Soon again, the sound of the voice, that has thrilled her with words of love, worthy to be offered to the Gods, will utter in her ears the oft-time repeated story. Gladness is in her eyes. The singing of a song is in her heart. The internal emotions of the soul impede her breath, as from among the columns and statues, the High Priest, in all the simplicity of his real self, steps to her side.

Magnificent in attainment; as sound physically as mighty in mentality; the prince of Magicians; the king of Adepts; he stands at last in the light and overshadowing of her presence. The trappings of the ceremonial feast have been laid aside. His sleeveless vestment of soft, white stuff, a pattern of iris wrought in gold, covers his well defined physique. He wears upon his head a close fitting cap of hammered gold, a

jeweled serpent coils around the edge of it. His brow arched over his splendid eyes. His rich, dark skin is the impersonation of strength and wisdom. Approaching nearer, until standing face to face, hands clasping hands he spake to her thus:

“Greeting! Oh, Thou divinity of mine! Greeting to the divine Isis! I knew that I should find thee here, and hastened to pour oblations of joy and happiness at thy feet. Now that I look once more into thine eyes, my soul is rapt in silence, before thee! The Holy Isis!”

With ineffable pathos and gladness, the peerless vestal loosens her hands from his clasp and in her voice of divinest treble, says:

“Oh, thou god Osiris! The light of my soul! Speak not to me now of thy love! But listen, ah, listen again, while I whisper to thee of coming ill. Of that which will surely befall our city and country, unless thou listenest to the message sent from the gods by the angels. Thou art a sovereign of true magic. Thy gift

has been given thee through the development of thine own inner and loftier nature. Thou hast in thy keeping the wisdom of the ages; the royal secret of Arcane knowledge. Again I lift my voice in warning. It is a voice coming from the immortal Hathor, that speaks through me. Listen and harken! Beware, the attempt to wrest from the hands of Almighty God, that which is held aloof from men. Thou art allied to the fount of life. Turn not the sweet wine, flowing therefrom, into the bitterness of Marah, for the sake of thy selfish desires! Look, oh thou Prince, my master! Behold our people; they rest peacefully with the assurance that we are their helpers. Shall we, through the powers granted by the gods, give them bitter fruit to eat and stagnant waters to drink? Nay! Beware! Beware! So say the great gods!"

The gentle but firm face of the priest looked steadily into the heart of the blood-red ruby, that holds the prismatic gems

around the throat of the High Priestess. They two stand as if in one aura. The solemn night hour lends enchantment to the mystical glory of the moment. Silence, out of the everlasting, drapes itself closer and closer about them. The warning of the gods is first in her thoughts. The aura of self-attainment, clouded the hitherto clear vision of Osiris. As the murmured syllables of warning pass her prophetic lips, their mournful sound seems more awesome than the still, small voice of the Angel of Death. A crooning splash, as of the waters before the storm, echoed and re-echoed in the silence about them. Through and over all, was felt rather than heard, the muffled accents of thousands of millions, who waiting the out-come, repeated over and over the words:

“Beware! oh, beware! and so say the great gods!”

The night birds sing their weird melody; the long waves lap the rim of the gracefully curved shore of the doomed Atlantis.

“Atlantis, oh Atlantis, mother of the nations! Thou shalt fall at thy zenith.”

So cries the silent euphony of the Four Great Angels. So speaks the unvoiced messenger in the ears of the High Priest. Still he gazes into the heart of the ruby, intoxicated, heeding not the voice that spake to him, and him alone.

“Oh, thou blessed of the gods! Speak not to me as thy Master! No longer are we in position of master and pupil. We stand together as helpers. The dual glory rests upon us as one. The mystical union of the two forces has consummated the great sacrament. We have stood together, behind the Veil of Isis, and before the mystical altar of the divine marriage. Henceforth, whither thou goest I will go. And what thou sayest, sinks deep into my heart, and I fain would listen to thy wisdom. But the word has been spoken. The fiat has been sounded. Ere another moon rises over yon horizon, the forces of the Three, the Five, and the Seven concentrated as

never before, binding into one imperious command every atom of potency that can be gathered from our whole people, will seek to know and demand whence comes life to man. In our calculation we find but one impending obstacle. This may be the last secret held back from man, if so, we shall meet denial and its consequences. But ah, my Isis, it cannot be. Knowledge must be infinite. This, however, matters not. It is the turning of the die. If we fail, the loss is ours. If we succeed, the prize is beyond computation of value."

CHAPTER XV.

THESE words, so confident of success, were to Isis as resonant with music, as the singing of yon night bird.

They intoxicate her senses as would the wine brewed from the distant vineyard. They fill her soul with the spirit of sweet forgetfulness, and take away the awfulness of that which is before her.

“This then,” she said: “Is the cause of the veil spreading over the future outcome of this event. I have never known the current of coming events, flowing so near, so indistinctly outlined. I fear me, oh Brother of the highest, that the glimpse we have had through the mercy of the Most High God, of coming calamity is very near upon us. But come weal or woe, gladness or sorrow; where thou art there I will be. This I swear by the sacred symbol that encircles thy brow. Thou shalt forever have the support of hands that seem weak

and powerless, but which are upheld by the force and power of the Ever Existent. If we go hence under the ban of the All Powerful, we will go together. As thy lot, so shall be mine."

Leaning then, toward her, for one last look into her wistful eyes, he said:

"The day breaks o'er yonder hills, farewell thou wise one. Be not dismayed, the morning sun will bring thee fresh hope. May it also bring thee all that is resplendent in mind, body and soul. May the angelic melodies ever flowing from the Holy of Holies, be the benison of thy life, farewell."

As the two watchers linger thus, for a moment, in the fading moonlight, a marvelous transformation passes over them. As the face of the one, so became the face of the other.

The ruby glittered and took upon itself a deeper dye of crimson. Ever and anon, beads of its own essential essence gathered upon its surface, which falling by their

own weight, to her imagination, seemed like drops of blood wrung from the human heart. But as they fall upon her white robe they leave no trace there. Thus human forms come and go, leaving no marks save in the key note of the mentality.

All nature is white and silent. The Priestess lifts the curtain, turns, and looks upon the moonlit sea, the last time for many æons to come. The pallid coolness chills. She drops the curtain behind her, shutting out forever the beauty of an Atlantian night.

At this moment, the Dreamer sees the moon hide herself behind a heavy cloud, as if to veil from vision the swiftly on-coming sequence of events.

Good night fair vestal! The morning will dawn again. But not until thou shalt stand behind the Gates of Paradise. Wilt thou know the full extent of the dawning!

The casket of thy memory will be locked and the key removed. Hoary ages will add to their numbers. The history of

thy fair country will fade into the semblance of mythical legends, before thou shalt be able again to raise the dusty veil of forgetfulness, now falling between thee and thine.

Passing into the dim light of the oval chamber, alone, she is denuded of the courage that possessed her, while in the presence of the High Priest Osiris. She is appalled at her own prediction; at the sacrilege which had been hers in apostrophizing him, the leader of the mighty Three. She had but obeyed the gods. The quality of her faith had upheld her through many earthly battles. So now, the knowledge still upholds her that nothing could be so inharmonious, but that a thought breathed out of the pure ether, laden with love could adjust and make right. But exhausted and overwrought, by the events of the day, she sinks hopelessly upon her knees, as though sinking into the great unknown. In her anguish she beat her breast. In her humility, her head sinks lower and

lower, and then in despair she exclaims:

“Oh, Atlantis! Beloved of my bosom, art thou really doomed? Thou glory of all lands! The wisdom of all nations is concentrated within the walls of thy temples! Is thy fate forever sealed!”

The waters of the fountain rise and fall and break in mournful sobs at her feet. Her strength deserts her more and more. Her heart straightened with emotion, she at last lifts up her voice, as one crying in the wilderness, and moans in broken tones:

“Oh, thou only true and holy God, beside whom, there are none like Thee! Lead me through green pastures and still waters, that I may be refreshed and strengthened for that which is written! Let the light of Thy countenance shine upon me! Lift the veil from my dazed sight, that I may look again upon the immortal vision of Peace! Open Thine arms, that I may be borne on the broad wings of Thy love into illimitable space, receiving from Thee eternal peace! For I am Thy child!”

Thus she is lifted to her couch and falls asleep in the faith of eternal day, and in the presence of the angels. She hears the far off music of the angelic choir. She feels their soothing breath, as they fold their wings about her. Sweetly and gently the mysterious veil falls. The shadows lift, her eyelids close. She is at home with the seraphs, and sees her soul clothed in its own white radiance.

CHAPTER XVI.

NOT so easily satisfied, the High Priest Osiris. Bold, confident and brilliant, he strode down the long corridor, to his own apartment. There, laying aside his outer vestment and golden cap, he wraps his body in a long, white woolen garment. Holding within his spirit the priceless gem of Arcane knowledge, he is the manifestation of soul power over elemental force. The acquisition of the most occult and mystic knowledge ever known, belongs to him and his co-workers. By the silent power of thought he lifts himself higher and higher, and also gives to the people, grade by grade, as rapidly as can be assimilated, that which shall lift them to a higher advancement.

The mightiest secrets of the Universe are in keeping of the Three. The time has come when no longer satisfied, selfish desires engulf and drown, the higher aims

of the leaders, who have everywhere scattered knowledge abroad. They look once too often toward the self. Dazzled by the brightness of illumination, they lose sight of their hitherto unselfish purpose—the lifting of all men to greatest heights. The unchanging law: “thus far shalt thou go and no farther” fades from the memory of these rulers. Their mentality dazed, the waves of the mighty sea breaking against the silent resistance of a rock-bound coast, cease to utter their warning.

The command has gone forth, the Assembly is called in session at low twelve.

Osiris is already due in the secret Chamber of the Tower. But as if held by the Omnipotent hand of an archangel, he paces up and down his own private room. He listens to the still, small voice, of his higher consciousness. He hesitates to go hence, whence he will never return holding the same power of vibration. Either a defeated, fallen angel, or wearing the crown of absolute Omniscience! Which shall it be?

Again, he lost sight of the fact that his real power lay, in keeping the angel within him awakened, the angel which denies him no knowledge. By active energy on the exoteric, as well as the esoteric plane, we arouse the slumbering atoms which are incorporated in our soul building.

In vain did the wail of the people, should failure result, resound through the consciousness of his being. In vain, did the vision of Isis, clothed in diaphanous draperies of the astral world, plead for that which she knew could end in but one way. All else is put aside, save the demand upon the Most High that the secret and mysterious essentials, of the coiled spring of life contained in the Logos: "Let there be," should be given the Three.

So, sweeping aside all else save the one demand, he regains his former self. Proceeding without delay and with the swiftness and perfect poise of an eagle, he hastens to the eyrie in the topmost pinnacle of the Temple.

Soliloquizing, he said: "There can be no failure. Our preparation has been carefully made. Computations are accurately wrought out for the auspicious hour. The hour has come. Have we not already reached the Veil separating us from the whiteness of the Immediate Presence! Have we not proved ourselves masters of the elements; of all lawful and unseen knowledge? Why can we not, by our most potent skill rend the Veil and enter unheralded the throne-room, of Him whom no man has looked upon and lived? Thus panoplied, with the consciousness of previous achievement, he ushers himself into the secret session of the Three.

Confidently, their call rang out along the currents of the Universe. Confidently, the word of power echoed from rank to rank, through the embattled hosts of God's angels; wherever manifestation be.

Thus they sat, with face and features fixed and firm. The hours crept on and on; still they moved not; pale, rigid,

immovable and implacable in purpose. The Four Great Angels, guardians of this sacred Chamber, became transformed into the fury of the elements. Darkness, instead of dawn, crept in upon them. Still they held the same key of vibration. Silently, potently, the hour of a new birth approached. Unconsciously, they were handling an unknown force, the adjustment of a strange vibration, resultant of Creative Thought.

At last, the word of the Omnipotent, already spoken, had gone forth whereunto it was sent.

The sun rose heavy and sodden. Like a ball of fiery blood it rested on the Eastern horizon. Clouds interrupt the clearness of the sky. They deepen and darken as the morning creeps on. After years of durance the elemental storm of the tropics bursts its fetters. The people are awed, but comfort themselves, that it will soon spend itself as hitherto. They know not, the scepter has slipped from the hands of the rulers.

The Wise ones look at each other in amazed horror; they have no key to the events of this immense tragedy that has bounded so bewilderingly upon them. They had called it into manifestation, and so destroyed the balancing and adjustment of Nature's law. The rocking earth vibrates and trembles as the day wears on.

When the Three awaken from their long vigil in the Borderland, lo, they behold the fury of the Great Builders. Instead of the radiant and brilliant vision that was wont to meet their eyes, they perceive the awfulness of a power ready and able to defend Itself against usurpation. Their faces no longer reflect the light of Love. Strict justice sternly darkens, veiling the Omnipotent, demanding expiation for disobedience. Thus the One, through its awful ministers, protects forever and forever Its sovereign oneness.

In a paralysis of dread and fear, the Three fall upon the marble floor, crushed with awful defeat. The surety of ages of

darkness and expiation, is theirs. There they lay pinioned, palsied, unable to help those who are waiting, to hear a word of hope issue from lips that have never before failed them. They are, in their fateful quarters, more helpless than the people. Are they not shut, for uncounted centuries, from the light and love of companionship?

For days, the gates of heaven were open. The warring elements became a continuous cyclone. Universal darkness enshrouds the proud city. The down-pour of one day is but the repetition of all other days.

Lashed on by the fury of the winds, the waters roll higher and higher. But now, the quaking earth is known to have been sinking, from the effect of an abnormal vibration, which had wrenched it from the polarity of its axis.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE treasures of centuries are buried beneath the angry waters. Few have withstood the wild, tragic cataclysm of the first days of the disastrous upheaval. All who could, had fled to the mountain tops. Even they, were overtaken but too shortly. Where once stood the alabaster Tower, is but a tottering column, stained and blotted with the muddy, leaping, blood-stained waters. The groans of the martyred people, had long since been smothered by the shrieking winds, and roaring waves. The muffled echoes of the groaning, sinking earth is the only sound that can be distinguished, above the requiem of the maddened, rumbling waters.

The periphery of accomplishment had been attained. The records of thousands of years were overwhelmed beneath the carnage of the storm-tossed elements. The bellowing thunder, the glittering lightning,

throb and sweep over the habitation of the once liberty-loving country. All else is silenced. All returns to the darkness of the Silent Land whence it came.

The waters had long since lost their limpid hues. They rise higher and higher, grow more and more opaque, laden with a heavier and heavier burden of thick mud, gathered from the depths of the unpolarized conditions.

Isis alone, still survives of all the potent band of the Great Temple. She is now separated from all she loves best. Mad-dened by her own loneliness, she rushes toward the stair-case leading to the upper chambers. At every angle, she is stopped and faced by groups of men, women and children, huddled together at the highest point of safety they dare encroach upon, even in this hour of disaster and terror. No use! There is no place in all that mighty Temple, or in the secluded Tower, that is too high, too sacred, or too pure, for the waters to embrace and submerge within

their capacious maw. With all the magical wisdom and mesmeric enchantment, that has been sent forth from the charmed walls of the secret chambers, there is now no power to keep out the watery element. It dashes with loftier waves and creeps with rapidly hastening approach, closer and closer to the Tower's heights.

Isis looks upon the crouching groups, and hesitates to proceed further. Why go on? Had not the power and potency left her? Were not the invincible Three prostrate upon their faces, crying, when too late, "Thy Will, not mine!" No longer are they potent. For they had forgotten, no true power can be attained until the human Will is blended and attuned with the Universal. Their Wills, once so insistent and dominant, are palsied. They know they are in the grasp of the Omnipotent, whose Will has become to them a supreme law. If they could only forget! But the knowledge which made them rulers among men and the angels, will be wiped from

their memory. The darkness! Oh, the darkness! The agony of the silence that vibrates not, throughout the whole extent of its stifling enfoldment! God's supremacy will finally be the consummation of man's desire; for what He does, man as a part of Him will do.

The waters roll on! Isis raises her dazed vision and locked hands, to heaven for guidance. When lo, far away above her, she sees the form of the young acolyte, smiling, entranced, transfigured by the glimpse of the Borderland, which his soul, now no longer imprisoned, has already caught sight of. It seems to say: "Come higher! Follow thou me!"

Even in this hour of Gethsemane, renewed aspiration, for a moment lent strength to her feet. She struggles once more to gain a footing on the once polished floors, now slimy and slippery with mud and devastation. At last, struggling she rises to the full height of her wonderful and majestic figure. Bidding the people cease

their cries and die as they had lived, she uttered the words of the great Masters: "Peace be still. My Peace I give unto you." For a moment, heart-broken, bereft of reason, they grow passive under the wonderful spell of her magical voice. She, of all the brilliant race of god-like men and women remains polarized, in the midst of carnage and death. She alone saw the agony of the Three. She alone knew their anguish. For, as the darkness increased in the outer, her inner vision became clearer. Still she groped her way to the Tower, to the door of the Secret Chamber. In vain, she searched for the body of the beautiful and youthful acolyte; only the Aspiration he inspired is left within her.

At last, she stands before the door and knocks. With a voice fast breaking with sobs, she cries to the High Priest:

"Come, oh, come with me! Let us go hence together! Once more listen to my appeal. Let us go into Paradise looking into the eyes of each!"

No sound came forth, save the smothered groans of the humiliated priests. Again the darkening terror of Gethsemane drops upon her. Her soul shrinks with all the horror born of fear, from the crimson waves. They now lap the topmost pinnacle of the Tower, and soon will enshroud her in their fathomless folds. She quakes under the pressure of the darkness and loneliness, and the rocking vibration of the fast sinking earth. She leans against the Tower wall, listening for the sound of the voice of him who failed to attend to her word of warning. In her anguish, she cries out once again for a sight of the priceless presence of his personality. She entreats that the "light which is brighter than day" may make plain the way into the mysterious Beyond.

She feels the touch of the water upon her sandaled feet. It stains her hitherto spotless robes. It dashes in sullen strength to her knees. She feels its chilling power. She clings with all her strength to the door latchet. She yields moment by moment,

more and more to the overmastering and mystical potency, of the Father of Souls and all the elements.

At the last wierd and fateful moment, she falls upon her knees before the door of the earthly tabernacle, breathing and sobbing the farewell of a human heart. As far as her distended eyes can reach, she sees only water, waste and desolation. She clings with still more force, but calmly, to the door latchet. No longer able to rest upon her knees, the lapping waves lift her to her feet. For the last time, above the lashing waters, there arises the dulcet melody of a voice—His voice. Its sweetness sounds as do the chords of a well-tuned instrument in a sea of discord. It whispers of courage! It shouts a triumphant hosanna! It melts the heart with its tones of everlasting love! It gives the promise that the semblance of separation soon will be forever swept away!

The wailing notes tremble through the thick and muddy atmosphere, dying away

in distanceless space, as would the broken and twanging strings of an Æolian harp. 'Tis the final chord struck by the hand of Destiny, in two lives polarized to the same key. The last earthly note is out of tune! But, as it echoes in the distance, the angelic choir takes up the ever-changeable vibration; the invisible choir mingles its voice with human suffering. The last string upon the Harp snaps with its final doleful melody! The Harper has struck the closing chord; the sharp dissonance of the strings is lost amidst the desolate noise of earthly elements!

CHAPTER XVIII.

LONG since, darkness has fallen between. Enfolding them, as the gathering mists had swirled around and separated them, when leaving the gates of Paradise. As the surging water rolls back, revealing for the last time the sinking Tower, again the voice from the depths, echoes through space, calling:

“Oh, Isis! The IS-IS! I come! I come! Let me rise with thee! Lift me with thy own sacred Divinity!”

* * * * *

Never before in the history of all the worlds, have any souls left the life with a consciousness of a failure of such magnificent proportions. A failure destined to be the foundation of all the success the earth has ever known since. The Finite had matched itself against the Infinite. Manifestation demanded the why of the Manifestor. The part struggled to become the

whole and, thereby, to reverse all Creative Law. The immensity of the attempt mitigated the severity of the effect. They who thus sought, may in the Future Ages exercise the birthright of Eternal Life and the deathlessness of the soul. It will be when they have eradicated from memory, all the steps by which desire and intellect placed them naked and defenseless, before the Great White Throne of the One, Who is All. This is the one path of return. On that, only, the mighty leaders of the massed thought of the earth can, in silence and loneliness, await development through the unfolding of ages to come.

* * * * *

Now, See! The finishing of the Vision!

For a moment, the spent storm ceases its fury. For a second of time, the sun pierces the thick shadows of the heavy clouds. Moving along its single beam, rising up and out into the spaceless ether, behold, two luminous blue spheres! Higher and higher they float; on into the limitless

beyond—into the unsolved mysteries of Eternal Life.

As they attain the supernal heights, in the Far-Off is the bright Star, resplendent in a glory of its own. It is the Star of Hope—the Beginning of the New. It beckons on the United Duality to the Bungalow. All outlines are becoming stronger and stronger, under the beneficent, golden light now covering the whole top of the Mount of Transmutation. Above the entrance of the Bungalow, the White Dove of Omnipotent Forgiveness, awaits the approach. It poises on wings of the Peace born out of the Storm. In its beak, it tenders the green, olive branch, of the Father's ever-abiding Love. Out of the storm, which has scattered the living germs of possibility throughout the world, is born man's renewal of Life.

The Wandering and Waiting Souls thus move toward the door of the Bungalow—Temple of the Higher Self! In its comprehending simplicity, it has become the

germ cell of all other Temples. In its inwrapt possibilities, the Universe itself awaits the expression of the power of Transmutation.

On the threshold, before the Veil of the Ever-Existent, the Two linger but for a space, out of the Eternities. No longer Dual but Unified!

Oh, Heart of all Mystery! The mighty Veil parts without hands. They enter within. The cycle is complete. The outer has become the inner. Once more together they enter Paradise!

* * * * *

The soft lips of Memory press closely the ear of the Sleeping Woman, whispering: "Awake!"

Slowly, and more slowly still, through returning consciousness the Dreamer arouses to the sentient ideation, of stepping out of the shadow of sense illusion, into the Real and Soul-Life. So does the butterfly, bursting its chrysalis prison, come forth a type of Immortality.

As the rose-tipped, close-folded wings of Memory unfold from about her, the Dreamer finds she is already ascending the Mount of Transmutation. Her starry wings spread wide! The Bungalow crowns its Infinite summit! The seven Amens echo from the angel choir! The shining Veil sheds its golden rays upon her returning consciousness! The boy Horus standing upon the apex calls:

“Come up higher!”

* * * * *

She Awakes! No more mystery! The soul is on its upward Journey!

The Woman stirs; opens her eyes; rises to her full height in the Light and Freshness of a NEW-BORN DAY!!!







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